CHINOOK

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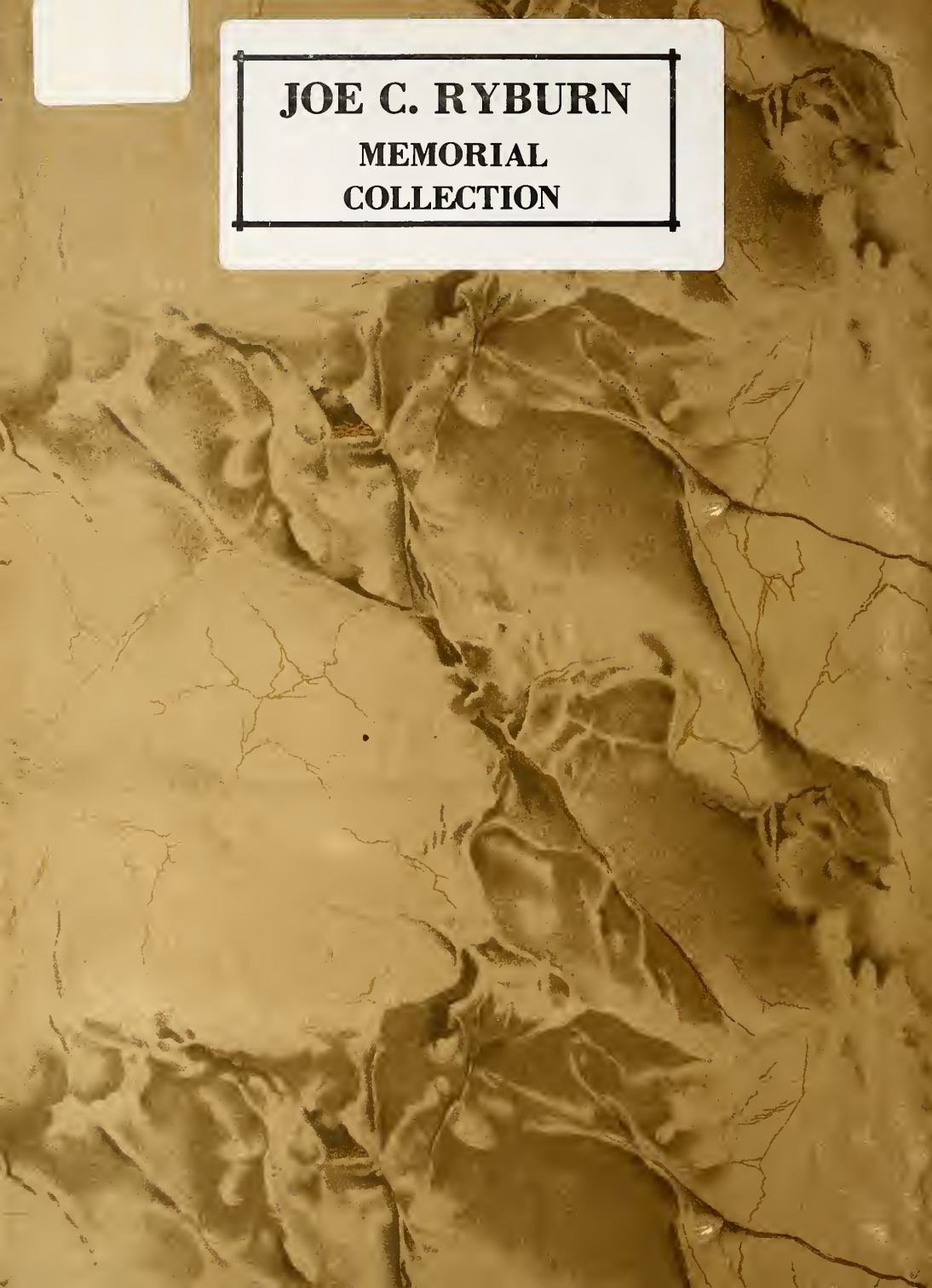

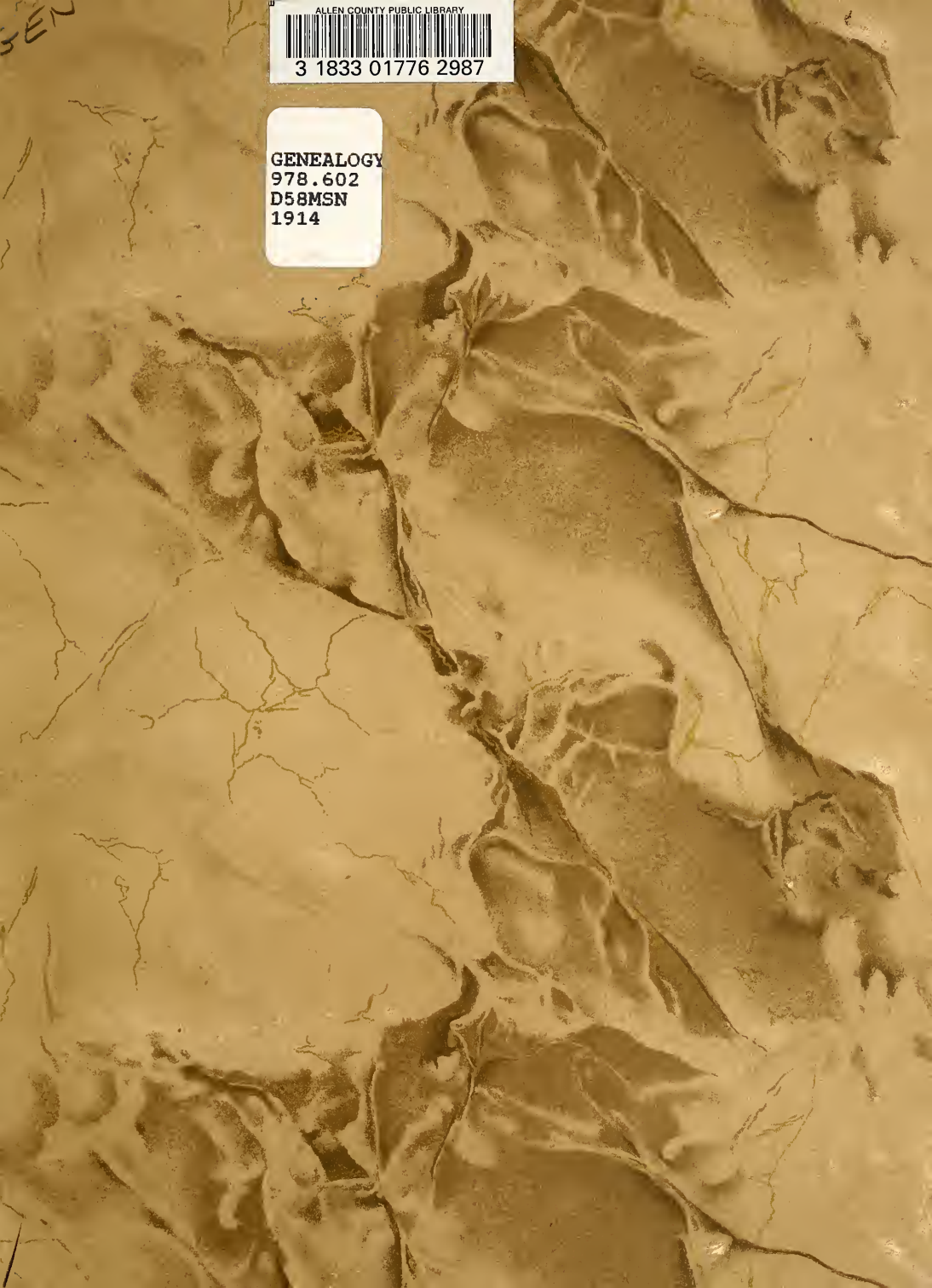
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THE CHINOOK

PUBLISHED AND EDITED

BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

OF

1914

OF THE

MONTANA STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

DILLLON, MONTANA

June 1914

PRINTED AND BOUND
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  FRESHMEN
  PREPS
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Foreword

WE, the class of 1914, present this book to you. We have labored long and earnestly to prepare an annual to be an honor to '14 and a credit to our institution. The **BEST** has been our ideal, and if we have partially succeeded in making this book a joyful record of the past year, a means of pleasant reminiscence in years to come, we have not striven towards our ideal in vain.

Dedication

To

FRANK HARMON GARVER

Our class professor

In appreciation of his sincere and unwavering advice and counsel, his unfathomable sympathy, and his ever intuitive helpfulness in all things

We

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1914

Respectfully dedicate this volume

FRANK HARMON GARVER

THE CHINOOK STAFF

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Instructor in Domestic Economy

REBECCA L. LAWRENCE
Secretary to the President

Classes

SENIORS

ALICE WALL

"You have knowledge, so let others light their candles by it."

MARY STEVENS

"In action faithful and in honor clear."

ALICE O'BRIEN

"I will give my heart to the cause for which I am called to serve."

JEAN PENDERGAST

"A heart high with courage, hope and ambition."

MARIE CONLEY

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

CARRIE GIUDICI

"Not what I have, but what I do is my kingdom."

MONA SUTHERLAND

"A mind serene in difficulties."

MABEL TORREYSON

"In thy light they shall see light."

HARRIET CHANDLER

"Not merely to exist, but to amount to something in life."

ELIZABETH MANTHEY

"For life and not for school we learn."

CARRIE SLUSHER

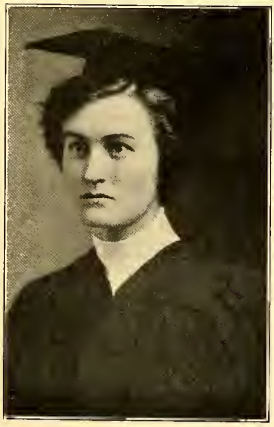
"Strive and hold cheap the strain,
Learn, nor account the pang,
Dare, never grudge the throe."

NINA JUDSON

"Always the same."

NELLIE BECK
"Knowledge and virtue."

VERNA BIRD
"She can, because she thinks she can."



BELLE BOTHWELL
"Deeds not words."

AGNES FINNEGAN

"Any good thing that I can show to any human being, let me do it now."

LUCY OWENS

"There is a will that conquers fate,
It is your own."

MARY PARRISH

"And yet the menace of the years—
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid."

BESSIE BENNETT

"A sound mind and a sound body."

LOUISE DODDS

"My idea is this; ever onward."

MARGARET POINDEXTER

"Bright gem instinct with music."

PEARL MAYER

"The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it."

IRENE YEARIAN

"The end crowns the work."

HELEN LINDLIEF

"Onward and onward."

AGNES SULLIVAN
"Your perseverance is noble."

WILHELMINA KRAMER
"I will be, what I will to be."

BESSIE DISSETT
"Much in little."

ANNA SULLIVAN

"I love all the world."

ELLA KERRIGAN

"True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by some little good."

DELL HUNSAKER

"Let him who deserves it reap the reward."

NINA KIRK

"I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything."

SUSIE McDONALD

"Power dwells with cheerfulness."

FLORENCE LEPPER

"Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them."

LOUISE HOLLISTER

"Happiness is a great love and much serving."

ZITA ANN McGOVERN

"She is all gentleness, all gayety."

BEATRICE COLLINS

"You are by nature warm and loving, therefore you heal by kindly thoughts."

ISABELLE RYAN

"The inner half of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I, therefore, turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining."

MARTHA POWERS

"Filling every sense with spiritual sweets,
As bees gorge full their cells."

ERNA LUTHER

"The secret of being loved is in being lovely, and the secret of being lovely is being unselfish."

LUCY McGRADY

"The sunshine of thine eyes,
O still celestial beam,
Whatever it touches it fills
With the life of its lambent gleam."

JULIA DRISCOLL

"Like some sweet bird,
Content to sing."

MAY COTTER

"What is mine to do, that will I do."

ALICE RONEY

"Onward and upward."

MARGARET WALLACE

"Work wins everything."

HELEN O'LEARY

"I, blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

MR. THOMAS DAVIES

"The best time to chase a wife is early in life."

MRS. THOMAS DAVIES

"A match for many."

Senior Class Organization

OFFICERS

First Semester

President.....Beatrice Collins
Vice-President.....Florence Lepper
Secretary.....Carrie Giudici
Treasurer.....Irene Yearian

Second Semester

President.....Jean Pendergast
Vice-President.....Lucy McGrady; Belle Bothwell
Secretary.....Carrie Giudici
Treasurer.....Irene Yearian
Class Professor.....Dr. F. H. Garver

MOTTO

"Esse quam videre" (To be, rather than to seem to be).

CLASS COLORS

Purple and Gray.

CLASS FLOWER

Lilac.

CLASS YELL

Hi! Hi! Hi!
Hi! Ki! Yah!
Wah! Who! Wah!
Seniors! Seniors!
Zip! Boom! Bah!
Hi! Ki! Hi! Ki! Hi! Ki! Yah!
Wah! Who! Wah! Who! Wah! Who! Wah!
Seniors! Seniors!
Zip! Boom! Zip! Boom! Zip! Boom! Bah!

CLASS SONG

(O Happy Day)

I.

Oh! college chums, class of fourteen,
A few more days will we be seen,
A few more days of college life,
A few more days of work and strife;
Then to you all we bid good-bye,
And it will ring on mountain high.

Chorus

Oh! college chums,
Oh! college chums,
Some will go far,
Some will be near.
Oh! college chums,
Oh! college chums,
We'll think of you this time next year.

II.

In years to come, dear college chums,
We'll have a reunion every one,
And o'er the campus broad and wide,
There'll be fragrant flowers on every side;
Old chums we'll meet and enemies too,
And they will all be dear, so dear.

Chorus

Oh! college chums,
The time is near,
When we will leave our college dear.
Oh! college chums,
Oh! college chums,
We'll all be sad when we leave here.

CLASS HISTORY

I sing the praise of the Senior class,
Which has striven and not in vain,
In thought and deed all to surpass—
The height of human knowledge to attain
And much in character to gain.
Two years have passed since the hand of fate
Led us from our parental reign,
To secure that which in the world is great:
To uphold the truth and the wrong to hate.

I tell of one victory not so small,
Of an honor the class has won:
By making us champions in basketball.
With all the work that we have done,
We've still had time for plenty of fun;
With Doctor Garver at our head,
Our history was well begun;
Before our pranks the Seniors fled,
And now their paths we bravely tread.

CLASS PROPHECY

Rome, Italy, May 3, 1924.

MY DEAREST JULIA:

At last a few moments of freedom from the wonderful sight-seeing excursions, to write to you! How much more satisfactory it would be to visit you in your beautiful country home near the quiet little town of Erie, facing the blue lake, and to tell you of all I have seen and heard. First of all, let me ask you about the fortunate boy who won you so short a time ago. Does it not seem strange that we were once together at the dear old Normal, sharing the same pleasures and meekly taking the same punishments for our girlish pranks? I suppose you often wonder, if you have time for such musings in your life now, what has become of all the merry, happy girls we knew so well, the girls of that all-starring class of '14. In this wide world it seems odd that we should ever meet any of them again, but in my wanderings over this great globe, I have met many of them. To begin with, I have heard that the only man in our class, Tom Davies and his wife, is in Africa, dedicating his life to the securing of biological specimens for Professor Clark.

As I was crossing the ocean from Boston to Liverpool, I was looking over the list of passengers when I came across two familiar names—Belle Bothwell and Harriet Chandler. I could not find them quickly enough and such a talk as we had! They were on their way to the "City of Intelligence," as the German people call their capital. How eagerly they looked forward to being school girls again! I sighed to think of my own record at college. They told me that Lady Dupont had promised to meet them at the wharf and asked me to go with them. Little did I dream of the surprise that awaited me, for who should Lady Dupont be but our own dear Bee Collins. Though not changed, I could scarcely recognize her as the freedom-loving girl of those bygone days.

After a short, pleasant visit in Liverpool, I went on to London and after resting from my journey, I inquired as to what operas were playing in the city and was told the "Chocolate Soldier" would be given that night. Of course I went, and who do you suppose were playing the leading roles? I never

once doubted, though, that Kirkie, Will and Irene would one day make themselves famous on the opera stage.

The next day I left London with its fogs behind me and was on the verge of setting sail for Paris, when a wee little lady stepped up to speak to me. It was none other than our Bessie Dissett, now a flyer among the clouds. She told me she was going to join in the "round-the-world" race! I shuddered to think of her small hands guiding an aeroplane.

After a tiresome trip, I arrived in Paris, late at night and upon searching for a suitable hotel, I came upon a rather imposing building and was very much surprised to learn that it was a fashionable boarding school for girls, conducted by Mademoiselles Beck, Hunsaker and Morgan. Nell was the only one I saw and she told me that Elizabeth Manthey is now an artist of some repute in America, having finished her lessons under the instructions of J. B. Cluley.

Being interested in the season's fashions, I stopped at the Rue de Palais and of all people—Ella Kerrigan and Lucy Owens—conducting this establishment. It is the largest in this gay city and is managed perfectly. I would love to give you all the details, but they would fill a book. Ella informed me that our two Alice's—Wall and O'Brien—are teaching in Dublin and expect soon to have the Irish people quite Americanized.

I wanted to stay longer in Paris, but could not, so turned toward Vienna. This city is most interesting and proved more so, when unexpectedly I met "Mart" and Verna. "Mart" is leading violinist in a hundred-piece orchestra, and Verna is starring in "The Merry Widow." It is the hit of the season here. Verna told me that "Steve" had been visiting in Vienna last winter. You know I suppose, that she is married to A—, who is president of Yale. She is a great favorite with the students there. Well, after these surprises I hardly expected any more, but one awaited me at every turn.

I visited Berlin for a few days, and the last afternoon of my stay there, I was taken to one of the large universities by whom do you suppose? None other than our "Dutch" Erna, who is now Princess Gretchen of the Netherlands. I know you will not be greatly surprised when I tell you that "Finn" is teaching mathematics in the "U" and is known to all the students by that familiar name. Erna informed me that in far away Constantinople, "Annie Zitie" has built a beautiful sanitary home for orphan children and is being ably assisted in managing it by "Pat," Helen and Mona.

After leaving Berlin, my next stop was in St. Petersburg. The Order of Red Cross Nurses has been permanently established there now, and has built a shapely hospital. You could never guess who is the head of this—"Holly" and has as her head nurses Marie, Martha, our second Helen and our other Alice. "Holly" has been traveling a great deal of late and on her last trip, went

to Stockholm. Whom do you think she found in that unbelievable place but Jean Pendergast and Mabel Torreyson, studying the Swedish system of physical culture, very likely planning to teach it in our M. S. N. C. She also came upon "Issy," "Sully," and Lucy McGrady, in Sardinia. They are conducting a comic art establishment.

Margaret Wallace and Nina Judson are touring the world, lecturing on "The Advantages of a Normal College Education," and while in India, they saw Susie, our two Carries and "Ag," who are missionaries, trying their best to teach religion to some little heathen. They are all very devoted to their work, but also very homesick for Montana.

My last stop, as you see, is in Rome. It has so many attractions, but the most important one to me, and the one at which I spend most of my time, is the Poindexter-Dodds-Bennett Conservatory of Music. It seems as though the little town of Dillon has come rightfully into its own and claims this magnificent institution.

I shall, most probably, stay here for the summer months, and hope to see many more wonderful sights. My book is progressing so well, having such an abundance of rich material, that it makes me dread the time of leaving, though my heart yearns for the good old U. S. A.

Twelve o'clock! The chimes of St. Peter's have awakened me to the fact that I have been writing as in a dream.

Good-night Julia. Lovingly,

FLO.

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior class of nineteen hundred and fourteen, on this day do hereby bequeath and bestow all our possessions:

To the Juniors, we leave our ability to work and our classes at the training school;

To the Freshmen, we bestow our prowess in basketball;

To the Preps, the wish that they may grow up to be strong and healthy Seniors;

To the whole Faculty, we leave the pleasant memories of all of the class and do bequeath:

To President Monroe, all our unexcused absences;

To Professor Mosher, our dormitory dog, Rover;

To Professor Clark, our splendid attitude;

To Miss Nash, our lesson plans;

To Miss Bettes, all of our construction work;

To Professor Scott, our marks in physics;

To Professor Garver, our good will and life-long remembrance;

To Doctor Finch, our biographies;

To Professor Cluley, our skill in drawing straight lines;

To Miss Scott, all our vocal expression text books;

To Miss Herrick, our pitch pipes for the Freshmen;

To Miss Ketchum, our "Le Morte de Arthur's";

To Miss Carson, our "Self Cultivation";

To Miss McDowell, our recommendations of her good cooking;

To Miss Hatch, the piano in the Gymnasium;

To Mrs. Free, our library fees;

To Mrs. Kress, all we have forgotten about foreign languages;

To Miss Lawrence, our receipts for next year;

To our matron, Mrs. Owsley, a breakfast cap;

To our aunt, Mrs. Clements, we leave all our favorite expressions.

Signed and sealed this day by the Senior class, June fourth, nineteen hundred and fourteen.

There is at the M. S. N. C.,
The best class you ever did see;
They graduate soon—
The fourth day of June,
Then school teachers ever shall be.

There was once a Prof. named Garver,
Whom the seniors thought very clever;
A party he gave
To the seniors grave,
Who declared it the best time ever.

JUNIORS

JUNIORS

BESSIE SMITH

"To know her is to love her."

ANGIE ANDREWS

"Every virtue, every grace!
All are thine."

FRANCES MYERS

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

MILDRED COURTNEY

"Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence."

ERIA HUFF

"A smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires."

CHERISSETTE LEPAGE

"O, charming little maiden,
with your self-reliant air,
We like your steady mouth and
chin, your look of savoir
faire."

HELEN MacMILLAN

"Her looks are like a flow'r in
May,
Her smile is like a summer
morn."

HELEN GREENOUGH

"To us she gives her laughter
and her jest,
Her words that of all words
are merriest."

GERALDINE GOODWIN

"God loves all prettiness, and
on her,
Surely His angels lay their
kiss."

FLORENCE MARTIN

"Her ways are ways of pleas
antness."

HULDAH THOMPSON

"A merry heart maketh a
cheerful countenance."

EVANGELINE LOWTHER

"Sweetly rings her silver voice."

AGNES McRAE

"She wears a never failing smile."

JULE BURKE

Jule—"All that her name implies."

MAMIE BARRETT

"Not of herself, but of others."

MARGARET YOUNG

"A little ray of sunshine."

KATHLEEN O'CONNELL

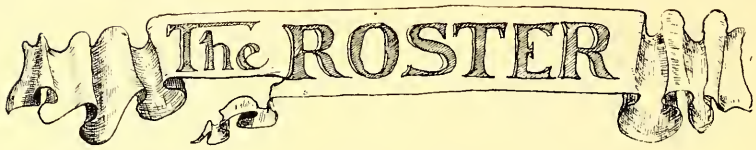
"A countenance in which do meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

GLADYS BARSCH

"Her silver whistle is the rich music of a summer bird."

EVELYN COUGHLIN

"Soft words are thine, sweet deeds and gracious will."



Junior Class Organization

OFFICERS

First Semester

Class Professor ..... Miss Lucy Carson
President ..... Frances Meyers
Vice-President ..... Angie Andrews
Treasurer ..... Jule Burke
Secretary ..... Bessie Smith
Sergeants-at-Arms ..... Huldah Thompson and Eria Huff

Second Semester

President ..... Frances Meyers
Vice-President ..... Angie Andrews
Treasurer ..... Mildred Courtney
Secretary ..... Bessie Smith
Sergeants-at-Arms ..... Huldah Thompson and Eria Huff

CLASS MOTTO

"Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only."

CLASS COLORS

Green and White

CLASS FLOWER

White Sweet Pea.

Class Song

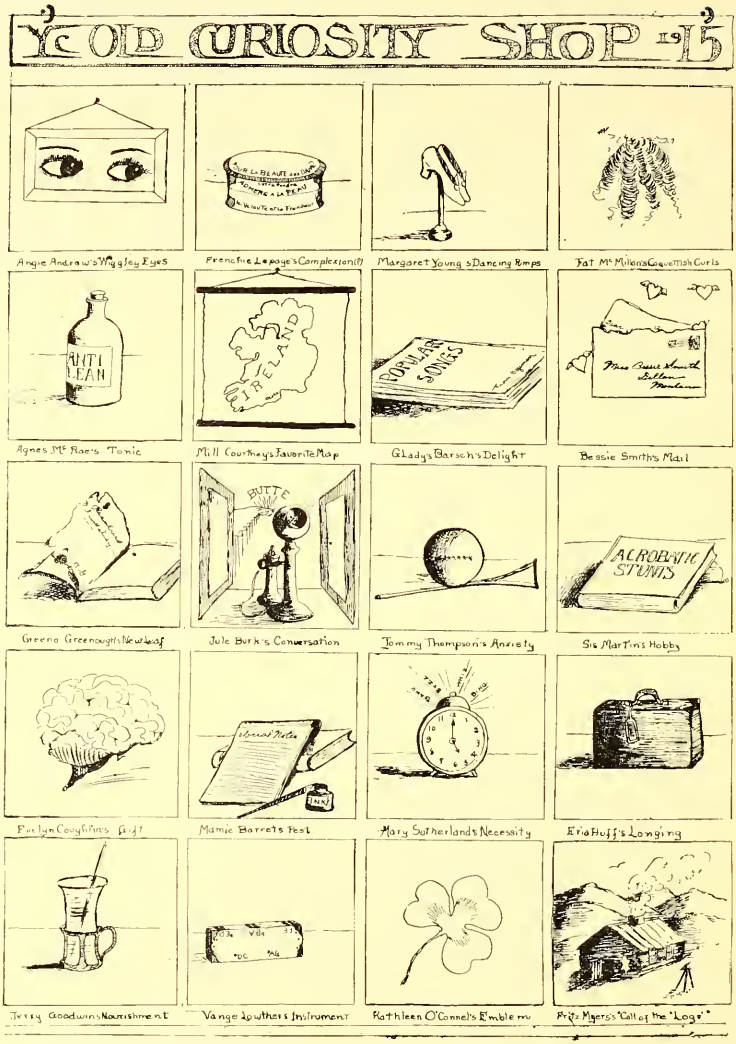
Melody: "River Shannon"

There's our own dear class at Normal,
Sure our hearts are always loyal
To the green and white that's floating,
Mingling with the black and gold;
True it is, we will be ever,
We'll forget our classmates never,
And our friendships ne'er will sever,
That have helped our lives to mould.

Chorus

Sure 'tis green the grass is growing,
And the clouds are white above;
For all nature now is showing
The dear colors that we love;
As the skies are bright and blue,
May our hearts be always true
To the green and white now floating,
Mingling with the black and gold.

When our college days have ended,
And we're on our journey wended,
We'll ne'er forget the happy days;
Though mingled oft with tears,
Ah, our thoughts will e'er be turning,
And our hearts for school days yearning;
E'en though other ties may bind us,
With the fate of future years.


YE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP 1915
Angie Andrews Wiggley Eyes
Francine Lepage's Complexion(?)
Margaret Young's Dancing Pumps
Fat Mc Millens Coquettish Curls
Agnes Mc Rae's Tonic
ANTI LEAN
Mill Courtney's Favorite Map
IRELAND
Gladys Barsch's Delight
POPULAR SONGS
Bessie Smith's Mail
Greeno Greenough's New Leaf
Jule Burk's Conversation
BUTTE
Tommy Thompson's Anxiety
Sis Martin's Hobby
ACROBATIC STUNTS
Evelyn Coughlin's Light
Mamie Barrett's Pest
Mary Sutherland's Necessity
Eria Huff's Longing
Jerry Goodwin's Nourishment
Vange Douthers Instrument
Kathleen O'Connell's Emblem
Fritz Myers's "Call of the "Logs"

The Garden of Promise

It was an exquisite garden, astir with life. Buds were swelling, blossoms breaking, and a sweet fragrance filled the air.

"'Tis the land of spring and sunshine," I murmured, as I gazed about in delight. But, as I advanced farther into the verdant realm, I came upon boughs laden with ripened fruit. "Spring and harvest!" I exclaimed in surprise and bewilderment. I determined to find the gardener and seek an explanation; but a little plot further on attracted my attention, and the purpose was forgotten. I could only gaze at the plot in admiration and wonder. It was a mass of solid green with the single word "Juniors" in shining white. I was pondering over its meaning, when I felt the presence of a strange being at my side.

"Is it not beautiful?" he asked proudly.

"But I do not understand," I faltered.

"Not understand!" he repeated, in surprise. "But ah," he added, "it is not strange. How could you understand the true significance of that word! Only I, who have watched its steady growth and guarded it with love and care—only I can know."

"It was not always here," he went on. "The seeds were wafted on a little breeze of desire. They came in search of light and truth, and nestled here in this spot. I watched them from afar. I knew that they were strangers, come to an unknown land. I wondered how they would adapt themselves to the soil. But I had not long to wait. Their corner was soon the brightest and sunniest in the garden. They sprang up tall and stately and strong. At first, there were little weeds of doubt and occasionally, blades of despair; but they were crowded out bravely. Sometimes a breeze of discontent sought a place in their midst; but the seedlings heeded it not, but only lifted their heads the higher.. I admired their pluck and perseverance, and became their self-appointed guardian. Now, there is naught but peace, beauty and perpetual sunshine in my plot. The blossoms are perfected and the fruits will be good."

"And then?" I asked, expectantly.

"And then," he answered, "my seeds shall again scatter like the seeds beyond," (pointing to the distant vines of purple clematis, now turning silver), "are even now preparing to do. They shall leave this, the true field of education; but they shall carry with them the light, truth and beauty, the grace and strength, which they acquired in these tried realms of scholarly culture."

ALGEBRA
DRAMA
LATIN
GERMAN
HISTORY
BIOLOGY
GEOMETRY
ENGLISH
CHEMISTRY
FRESHMEN
'11

FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Organization

FIRST SEMESTER

Class Professor ..... E. R. Mosher
President ..... Alice Roe
Vice-President ..... Margaret Pendergast
Treasurer ..... Laura Hildreth
Secretary ..... Margaret Carroll

SECOND SEMESTER

Class Professor ..... E. R. Mosher
President ..... Alice Roe
Vice-President ..... Margaret Pendergast
Treasurer ..... Laura Hildreth
Secretary ..... Clara Masters

CLASS MOTTO

"After clouds, the sun."

CLASS FLOWER

Chrysanthemum.

CLASS COLORS

Maroon and Gold.

CLASS YELL

Katana, katana, ka, ta, ta, ta!
Kazula, kazula, ka, za, za, za!
Katana kata! Kazula kaza!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The Freshman Fish Story

Mr. Clark may be able to tell fishy fish stories, but one of the freshmen can tell one which is fishier than any we have heard him tell. She told it to us as follows:

"I was out fishing one very sunny day last week. After sitting quietly for what seemed to me an age without a single bite (except a million mosquito bites), I felt a jerk at my line. On pulling my hook out of the water, I found that I had caught a minnow, microscopic in size. Immediately after the minnow came in sight, fishes of nearly every kind and description protruded their heads out of the water. These fishes frightened me so that I almost dropped my fishing rod. They seemed very friendly and told me that if I would release the minnow they would each tell me a prophecy which would come true in ten years from now, and which would be of use to me in writing our class prophecy.

"You may all be assured that I released the victim at once, because I was very anxious to learn something which would help in writing that dreaded prophecy.

"I had no sooner released the poor little captive than all the fishes disappeared and I came to the conclusion that they had been joking with me.

"I sat on the bank a few minutes when to my surprise a speckled trout suddenly sat upon my knee. I had not seen him come, but was glad that he had arrived. I told him to tell me what he had to say quickly and I would take notes. Can you guess what he told me? Of course, you can't. In a very solemn tone, he informed me that if I should live until the year nineteen hundred twenty-four, I would hear of Ethel Adams starting a private school for elocutionists in New York City. I was surely astonished and while I sat, still speechless, the fish disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

"While I was still feeling dazed, and wondering what would happen next, a sudden splash aroused me from my reverie. A large grayling had leaped out of the water and lay at my feet. This fish said he must return immediately, and so lost no time in imparting his knowledge to me. Surprise of surprises! What should he tell me but that Bertha Johnson, our "Algebra shark," will become successor of Mr. E. R. Mosher, our class professor, who will have made his fortune by the publication of his "accurate, speedy, short method arithmetic." At last the students of the Montana Normal College will have an arithmetic by which they will be able to solve any problem in less than five minutes.

"Next came a large salmon, who told me that, after specializing in art, Mabel Peterson will become cartoonist for "Life." He also told me that I shall

find Clara Masters as teacher of art in the University of Columbia. Of all things! Our two class artists! One surely can never tell what they will hear next.

"While I was still marvelling over what wonders a few years could bring about, a tiny whitefish came to the top of the water and in a very squeaky voice, told me if I should go to the meeting of the Alumni in nineteen hundred twenty-four, I would find Mabel Seidensticker teaching German and Laura Hildredth teaching chemistry, at the Montana Normal College. Well, I was getting used to almost any surprise.

"A tiny goldfish next addressed me in a very frightened little voice. He said, 'Margaret Pendergast will be instructor of violin in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, and Nettie Bryant will be in the same institution as instructor of piano.' Our class musicians and two of our best basketball players!

"Next appeared a row of seven fishes on the top of the water. The largest one said, 'To make a long story short, we have all come at once to tell our little tales, each in his turn.' He then added that Ilo Tressler, our basketball player, who throws with such force, will be pitcher of the 'Dwarfs,' the world's champion female baseball team.

"The next fish told me that our Field Day captain, Mabel Edwards, will be physical culture teacher in the University of Montana. Dear old Ted! At last her ambition will be realized, for she has a great desire to attend the U. of M. I wondered if the attraction would still be there.

"The fish whose turn came next informed me that Edna Simmons will be holding a position as organist, in the St. Paul's Cathedral, in Cowscratchi, Washington.

"Before I had time to say a word, the next fish told me that I should see May Marchesseau as leader of the New Suffrage movement in San Francisco. Do you suppose the fish knew?

"Now came the greatest surprise of all, for the next fish told me that in just ten years I shall read in the paper a paragraph to this effect: 'Mr. and Mrs. Roland Dussenberry have just returned from their bridal tour in Europe. Mr. Dussenberry is ambassador to England, while Mrs. Dussenberry, formerly Miss Edith Schowe, is a graduate of the Montana State Normal College.' I was beginning to believe that even fish stories might be true.

"The last tiny fish in a very peculiar squeak, told me that Alice Roe will become editor of the 'Lookout' magazine. Now who would have guessed such a thing?

"My fishing rod dropped to the ground. I scrambled to my feet and ran home, without a single fish; but with my mind made up that the prophecy for the freshmen class was settled, at least."

Freshmen's Party

"Come little Preps," said the Freshmen one day.
"Come to the 'Rec' room with us and play;
Put on your dresses, ragged and old;
The steam is turned on, so you won't be cold."

Soon as the Preps heard the Freshmen's call,
Down they came, hurrying, one and all;
Sporting and dancing, in dresses old,
Not timid and shy, but brave and bold.

Long they enjoyed the music and tea,
Happy and care-free as Preps can be;
All too soon came the matron's stern call:
"Preps and Freshmen, go to bed, all!"

"Your studies, dear pupils, I greatly fear,
With your education may interfere;
For a good lecture you care not a fig;
You would rather stay home to study your 'Trig.'

"Though a lesson may be hard,
Never try to shirk it;
That would soon your work retard,
You would never 'work' it."

PREPS

DICK
OUR PRES
HUN
ZEIT
DRUMMY
HARDY
AND-A
DUTCH
SLIM
PEET
OLY
CHUCK
FRITZ
SISTER
CADDY
PERCY
SKINAY
PYE
BABE
HARNTON
STAR
KNOWIME
FAT
GLOSSY
GOOSEY
GENT
JEAN
SCOTTY
BETTY
GRINZY

Preparatory Class Organization

FIRST SEMESTER

Class Professor.....Walter Scott
President.....Carol Scott
Vice-President.....Gladys Pye
Treasurer.....Edith North
Secretary.....Alpha Thompson

SECOND SEMESTER

Class Professor.....Walter Scott
President.....Iva Benedick
Vice-President.....Rosa Drummond
Secretary.....Carl Schmidt
Treasurer.....Hansine Smith

CLASS MOTTO

"Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."

CLASS FLOWER

Red Carnation.

CLASS COLORS

Silver and Crimson.

CLASS YELL

Fe, fi, fo, fum!
We're the Preps!
Yum! Yum! Yum!
The tee-tiny Preps!
With the come, come, come!
The valiant Preps,
With the hum, hum, hum!

Class Prophecy

One day in the summer of 1924, upon my return from a "Bachelor Girls'" tea, I found a letter from Gladys Pye. Sitting down in my hammock, I read:

"MY DEAR IVA:

"That dear old scientific hubby of mine has at last finished his latest invention—the video-scope—through which all parts of the world may be seen. Yesterday, my uncontrollable curiosity led me to experiment upon it, while he was out.

"I first focussed the instrument in the direction of Dillon. There, in the English department of the college, I saw Hansine Smith, sitting in Miss Carson's chair, expounding Shakespeare to her attentive pupils.

"The scene changed; nestled among the beautiful Montana mountains, I saw a woman's college. At its head was Naomi Lennox, Ph. D., L. L. D. As I saw the girls gathered around their beloved president, I thought of Tennyson's "Princess." Nellie Darnell, too, was living in the same vicinity. She was married and I knew from the smile about her lips, that she was happy.

"Eliza Chandler was teaching Latin and German in Smith College. It was at Baltimore that I saw Alpha Thompson and Frances Carlson, conducting an art store. Carol Scott was in New York, a singer of grand opera, having trained herself to such perfection that critics awarded her a higher rank than that of Schumann-Heink. It was quite a Pauling to see Rachel Irvin superintendent of the domestic affairs at the White House.

"While I was thus occupied, I saw an airship sail overhead and Anna Zuidema swooped out of sight. She had married one of the coolest-headed aeronauts of the age, and had accompanied him on his trip to Mars, which had marked a new era in the world's history.

"Next I beheld Stella Goss, now a famous suffragette leader, and mayor of New Orleans. In Butte I saw Violet Starr in the garb of a nurse, feeling the pulse of a soldier, who had been wounded in the Suffragette war of 1924.

"Carrie Stephens and her husband were performing a noble work among the heathen of Africa."

As I finished this last, I lay back in my hammock and fell to musing. As my thoughts went on and my eyelids grew heavier, the whole sky seemed to change color. From the east, the sun was drawn to the exact center of the gleaming zenith. As I looked on, I saw amid the glitter, figures strangely familiar.

In my amazement, I cried out, "Who are these who wear the crowns of gold and sit among such glory?"

In answer, the most prominent figure (then it was that I was able to see), President Monroe, arose and said, "Verily, I say unto you that these are they who have come out of great tribulation and have received the crowns of life, because they succeeded in instructing the 'Prep' class of 1914, so well that they have reached heights, hitherto unknown."

As he finished, he drew from his shining robe a pearl horn and sounded a note, which was sweet and low (the keynote to the "Music of the Spheres"). Immediately I saw coming from all directions in the sky, a number of objects, which I soon discovered were planets. These arranged themselves in order around the sun. Then Pres. Monroe addressed them saying: "Here is one of the Prep class of '14, who has stayed upon the earth. Consider it your duty to show her to what heights her classmates have soared. Jupiter stand forth!"

The nearest of the planets turned until it stood directly in front of me. Then, to my great astonishment, I saw a great field of basketball players. At its head were three in whom their followers seemed to place implicit confidence. What! Yes, it was Zeta Brennan, Frances Weldon and Rose Drummond.

At the side of the field were a number of seats. In the two central chairs, I noticed two beautiful women. I soon found that the one was Anna Harrington, wife of the President of Jupiter and Hazel Darnell, her much favored lady-in-waiting.

Jupiter revolved back into place and Mars advanced. My eyes were attracted by large crimson and silver banners, carried by a number of women with firm mouths and militant appearance. These women were listening earnestly to their leader. When she finished, shouts of "Three cheers for Sadie Murphy," rent the air.

Next Venus advanced. First, I was shown through its wide-open doors, the stage of a theatre, where a beautiful woman was being led to the center of the stage by a gallant young man. It was Bessie Connelly and Clyde Powers, mind reader and magician.

Venus then showed me a little bungalow. Looking in through the broad windows, I saw an ideal family, the happy mistress of which was Mable Hungate.

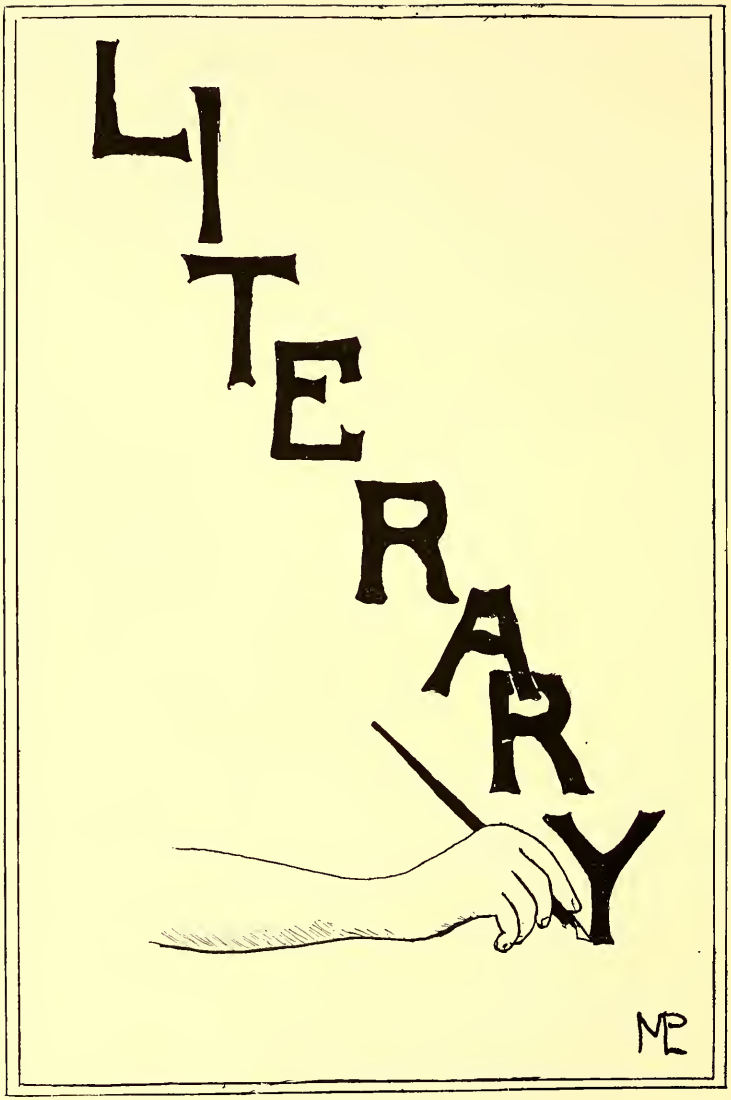
It was on Saturn, in the city of Invention that I saw, before a building which seemed to be a great laboratory, an immense statue, engraved upon the side of which I read, "To the beloved memory of Ruth Harding, greatest physicist ever known, who lost her life in the discovery of the rapidity of molecular action."

Uranus next advanced. Here I saw Carl Schmidt, lying beside a rapid brook, note-book in hand and fishing pole by his side. Looking a little closer at the notes, I saw the title, "Walton's Complete Angler, Revised and Made Unconditionally Complete."

Uranus showed me an immense kitchen in which Arline Tenneson and Bertha Thompson were instructing a large class in the art of making pumpkin pies.

Suddenly, I felt a dreadful rocking sensation. Opening my eyes, I found that my old white cat had jumped into my lap, so thus my dream faded.

GLADYS PYE,
IVA BENEDICK.


LITERARY
MC

Road Agent Bill

The skies were casting their red glow upon the hills which overlooked the Beaverhead valley. The brilliant red and yellow tints were clearly reflected in the streams which flowed slowly onward to meet their larger sister. All nature was peaceful; and the quietness was such as often makes one dream of what one might have done in the past, or should do in the future.

Bill, the leader of the band, sat at the opening of the cave, which was known only as "The Roost." He seemed to be drinking in the beauty of the scene. But his thoughts were of his college days and the girl who had been his inspiration in everything. Why had he come west? Had there not been opportunities enough for him in his home state? Montana had been a strong magnet, drawing him forward.

He began to speak in a whisper, as if confiding a secret to the dying flames of the camp-fire.

"Time is making things worse. It doesn't make any difference now, whether I'm here when the bunch holds up the coach, or not. I'm the leader and, of course, I'm to blame. The five years I've been here must have made me so weak that I can't leave. Or was I always weak? If I was, she gave me courage that pushed me to the foremost in field, team, track and everything else. I'd give, God knows what, if I could write and tell her all about myself. Why, it's been four years since I last heard from her, but I've got that letter yet."

The fire was burning low. Bill rose, now, to put on another log and prepare supper. He tried to busy himself, so as to shut out the thoughts which had so occupied him during the last hour, but it was impossible. The memory of a beautiful young face with bright blue eyes, held him enchanted. Unconsciously, he moved toward a log, which served for a chair, and fell back again into his sad reverie.

He could see again her commencement morning, and the day he told her of his future plans. He had shown her how easily and quickly he could make his fortune in the golden west, where wealth lay within easy reach. He would, without doubt, "strike it rich" in a gold mine, as many others had done. It seemed to him then that a shadow of gloom or disappointment had passed over her sweet face. As if speaking to some unseen person, he leaned forward on the log. What would she think of him now?

Suddenly, he heard a footstep at the door of the cave. Jack had returned. A strange feeling came over Bill. He hated this man. But why? He had never felt it so strongly before.

"What're you plannin' on? 'Nother big haul, I s'pose. Nice raid we made t'day. Next time yer wantin' anything planned, yer won't be tellin' Bob."

"Why not?" asked Bill, in surprise, as Bob had been a strong member of the band, and being coach driver, he had been able to help them wonderfully in their desperate work.

"Well, since none 'f 'em told yer, guess it's up ter me. You see, I was stringin' up this guy and when I'd the job nearly done, just 'cause that gal was a pleadin' 'way for her dad, Bob up an' says, 'Cut 't out, Jack, I squeal if yer don't.' So I turns 'round an takes a shot at 'im just to scare 'm, but 't was too clost. Then I just finishes up the job."

"You don't mean that you killed him? And hanged the other man, too?"

"Well, guess so. Two o' the band drug 'em off. But the gal was kinder nice, though."

Bill could endure it no longer. How he wished the fellow would clear out. But Jack intended to remain for supper. Not a word passed between them until the meal was finished. Bill had, by this time, decided what to do. He would leave Montana. Texas would, henceforth, be his home. How he wished he might return to his old home! It was useless to think of it. It would be much better to go to Texas and begin anew to make a man of himself, far from his old surroundings. Here he would make himself worthy of some good woman, perhaps the one of his dreams.

When at last he broke the long silence, he told Jack he was going to Texas.

"You're goin' to leave the bunch?" Jack asked, in surprise.

"Yes, I'm tired of this kind of life. There's nothing in it except one act and then remorse. It's a bad business. You better quit, too."

"Well, not yit, we got a big haul all planned fer next week, an' I'll stick to it till then. Yer better hang on, too."

"No, I won't stay any longer. Come on Jack, straighten up, and be something."

"Oh, yer a quitter," sneered Jack.

"It pays to be a quitter in the long run," answered Bill, soberly.

The next day, Bill departed for Texas. Jack wandered around for several months, and at last left for Wyoming.

The time passed quickly. Bill had now settled in Texas and was claimed as one of her best citizens.

In the meantime, Jack had become foreman of a ranch. Much of his time was spent in riding, while his management of the affairs of the ranch could be excelled by few.

One afternoon, while riding slowly toward town, he saw a woman on horseback approaching. When near enough to see the face he recognized her. The woman whose father he had killed! He had thought of her often. What was she doing here? She didn't know him, but would before long, he determined.

In an instant his horse was directly in front of her's. Like a flash the girl's horse sprang forward in a wild attempt to pitch her headlong from the saddle.

Jack, as if frightened, delayed a second to see if she could manage the animal, then leaned from the saddle and caught the reins of the frightened beast.

"I must o' been thinkin' 'bout other things or lookin' t'other way. I'm sure sorry," he apologized, meekly.

"It's partly my fault. If I had been paying attention to my horse, I should have seen you."

"Be yer goin' my way? Guess yer won't mind if I ride on 'ways with yer?" inquired Jack, lifting his sombrero.

"I should be pleased," she assented graciously.

Jack and his companion rode for several hours. Many times he found himself thinking about that day when she had pleaded for her father. The same bright eyes, then so sad, now sparkled with sunshine and gladness instead of tears.

It was beginning to grow dark, as they approached the town, so she invited her companion to come to her home for supper. Of course Jack was willing to accept.

Bill, in the meantime, was "making good." He had taken up a cattle ranch and was at last planning to return east. He had lived down the odium of that life in Montana, and felt that he could now confess to Edith that ugly chapter in his life, since he had made a start in the right direction.

In the meantime Jack had been growing very fond of Miss Edith Allen. On every possible occasion he showed her his favor, the best and gentlest horses on the ranch were always at her disposal. Many times had he endeavored to bring about long trips on horse-back together. But she, though feeling gratitude for his kindnesses, avoided his company as much as possible. This only whetted his ambitions and aroused his jealous suspicions.

He had been receiving letters from a friend in Texas, who also knew Bill. The last letter had mentioned casually that the reformed leader of the band was preparing to depart. This constantly worried Jack.

"I'd tell 'er I love 'er if I can git Bill out o' the way. It'd be just like 'im to split up the whole thing, if he heard it. He'd say 'twasn't right. I'll fix 'im up purty quick though."

That evening he called on Miss Allen and for the first time asked her about her father. She told him of the murder. When she had finished, Jack exclaimed:

"I know the leader o' that there band. Believe I could have 'im caught right now. You say the word, an' I'll do the rest."

"O, never mind. It's so long ago. Perhaps he's trying to make good somewhere. It won't help poor dad now anyway," gently remonstrated Edith.

"You're doin' yer father injustice. I kin have 'em caught. I know mighty lot 'bout that outfit. Report's been spreadin' fer years 'bout 'em. Think o' all the damage they've done."

The girl considered a moment. All the horror of that scene in the coach flashed anew before her mind. Her poor father! That inhuman wretch! Yes, the murderer must be brought to justice, she decided quickly.

Aloud she said, tensely with set lips, "Yes, go ahead, capture him, make him pay the penalty of his deed."

Now the way was clear. Bill would be hanged, then there would be no one to tell of his past.

The next day, the officers were notified of Bill's whereabouts. Papers had printed the affair in detail, under sensational head lines.

Bill was soon arrested by the officers. He placed men in charge of the property and, telling them that he would return in six weeks, departed for Wyoming.

The trial was held on the first day of August. Miss Allen had not attended, but since it was the principal topic of conversation in the town, she had heard much concerning the prisoner.

"He is a tall, handsome fellow with black curly hair and brown eyes. He looks so innocent," one of her friends remarked. "I've got a picture of him. Don't you want to see it."

"Yes, I would like to see it. Oh, what does it mean?" Turning to her friend she added quickly, "O, pardon me! I thought it resembled a dear friend of mine, but after looking at it closely I see my foolish mistake. I wish it were all over. He perhaps isn't guilty, after all. He certainly doesn't look it. Oh, I don't want them to hang him!"

Bill had tried to convince the men that he was innocent, but there were no proofs.

Edith entered the hall. She asked to speak with the prisoner, but was told that he did not want to see anyone.

"Tell him that maybe I can help him."

"You can't now."

Bob, the old coach driver, had heard of the capture of his leader. He had been taken to Wyoming after being shot by Jack, but had not met him or even heard of him. But he had sworn revenge.

Just then the door burst open and in rushed a ragged cow-boy.

"Say, there! I want to see the guy that yer says yer goin' to string up. I tell yer right now yer better watch out. Yer got the wrong one. Better take a look 'round 'fore yer do somethin' yer 'll be sorry fer. Come along I want to see Bill."

Bill was led forth.

"Hello Bill! Long time since I seen yer last."

"What are you here for? I suppose Jack's got you into it too."

"I guess not. Just thought I could straighten things out."

"William Randolph! Oh heavens! You killed my father," cried Edith, rushing wildly upon them.

"No Edith, I swear before God I am innocent."

"Jack killed yer father 'cause I got proofs right here. He jist forgot to take 'em when he shot me. Couldn't kill me though," asserted Bob.

The officers stared at each other in silence while Bob drew forth the plans which Jack and he had drawn up together. They were taken, quickly glanced through and placed in a drawer.

One of the officers spoke, "Remain here while we find this Jack."

Jack was brought to the court room wondering. He had avoided it as much as possible, especially while Bill was present.

"Bob, has the grave opened so's to have yer tell tales?"

"You couldn't kill me, although you tried purty hard."

The sentence was transferred. Bill, whose real name was William Randolph and Miss Edith Allen left the hall together.

AGNES FINNEGAN.

The Bitter Root

'Mong the flowers that deck the hillsides,
In the glowing hues of May,
Like the tinted clouds of sunrise,
Radiant at the birth of day;
There is one in rosy vestures,
Many-rayed with heart of gold—
Lovely emblem of our statehood—
Bitter-Root, thy wealth unfold.

Springing from the nested grasses,
Where the ground lark builds his home;
Pouring forth thy fragrant sweetness,
Like a song, to heaven's dome—
Waft our prayers to sure fulfillment,
In the future's realm afar;
Cherished guerdon of our praises,
Of our hopes, the rising star.

Playmate of the wandering wild wind,
Bowing 'neath his rough caress,
Every sandy slope and wayside
Glories in thy loveliness;
From the far peaks' snowy grandeur
Flows thy sustenance and life,
While the Father Sun above thee
Smiles, with golden promise rife.

In the days ere peace and plenty
Reigned, as now, in our fair land,
Brave men, heartened by thy valor
Dared for right to make their stand;
Cheer us, then, to noble effort,
For Montana, Treasure State—
Blessed "Land of Shining Mountains"—
Opportunity's golden gate.

—ADA F. DAVIES.

An Ant-idote For The Blues

Pinchiwee Formicoxenus was a tiny little fellow, and full of life and fun. It was his delight to roam among the grass blades, and listen to the flowers grow, for indeed it was beautiful music. His sharp, native conscience whispered to him to weed his garden plot, but how dull it was to settle down and weed and weed all day long, when there were so many ant-ics he liked to play under the blue, blue sky!

One bright, sunny day, Pinchiwee wandered far from his home hill, not realizing that he was going beyond his native territory, when suddenly he saw two brawny soldiers approaching. It was evident from their uninterrupted conversation that they were not aware of his presence.

"Say, old scout," bumped one glossy chieftain, "have you seen our self-estimable, red-jacketed friends recently?"

"Ho-ho," laughed the other in the same rich tones of scorn. "It was only yesterday that I passed their meager dwellings. There they were prancing about like kings in palaces."

"It is queer how these scrawny fellows wear the high and mighty air," bumped the other in response. They have such an elevated opinion of their ant-iquated straw-stacks. They dare not encroach on our territories, the cowardly, red-dyed little scoundrels."

Little Pinchiwee swelled out with rage at these insults to his beloved nation and his people. He stepped out from the violet bush and faced the warriors boldly. Fire gleamed from his little black eyes; and his ant-enna bristled in indignation, for had not his beloved ant-ique nation been dastardly outraged! Indeed, his appearance was so ferocious, the two scouts stepped back and gazed at their ant-agonist in ant-ipathy. Then the two black warriors, though seeming bold, fled from their enemy as though he were an ant-hyropoidea.

"Cowardly, red-dyed little scoundrels, indeed! See what the Honorable Pinchiwee Formicoxenus Nitidulus has accomplished," boasted little Pinchiwee. "If Aunt-y could only see me now!" And he sat down upon wussy-pillow and laughed until his little red-jacket threatened to split.

Suddenly the boaster heard a muffled sound among the dry leaves. Well he knew what it was. Before he had time to recover himself sufficiently to escape, a host of his enemy had surrounded him. His tiny legs were snatched from under him, and before he realized what had befallen him, he was doing an ant-icyclone stunt in the air.

"Let loose! Let loose, you black demons! How dare you treat the Honorable Pinchiwee in such an inverted fashion?" But his cries were of no avail. They carried the prisoner over the petals, over the leaves, and down the ant-iclines until they came to their big, dark prison. Here they took him down, down, down, squealing and protesting, into a damp, gloomy ant-eroom.

All night long he lay in this ant-echamber in fearful anticipation of what was to follow. But when morning dawned, his captors carried him back to the sunlight he loved so well; not to give him his freedom—indeed, they were no advocates of ant-islavery—but to set him to the task of tending the cattle, under the watch of two sturdy guards.

Now Pinchiwee began to work his tiny atom of a brain in earnest. He began thoughtfully to plot a way to make his escape. Unable to find a way out of his difficulty, he ran hastily up a neighboring tree to view some hidden possibility. When on the topmost branch, his sharp eyes discovered suspended from a fine thread, Daddy Fuzzyspider.

"O, Daddy Fuzz," pleaded little Pinchiwee, wringing his ant-enna, "I'm far away from my ant-iquated home. Oh, please, can't you offer me an ant-idote for my lonesomeness?"

Daddy Fuzzyspider peered over his spectacles at the forlorn little creature. "Well, bless my fuzz, if it isn't little Pinchiwee! An ant-idote for lonesomeness?" he spun on pleasantly. "Why, sonny, don't you know the only ant-idote for lonesomeness is home?"

"But, look where I am, cen-ti-me-ters and cen-ti-me-ters from home. And I can't run with those two guards watching me all the day long."

"You have a fine brain, little Pinchiwee, but not half the sense your old daddy has. Listen here, you young fellow, do you see that little thread on the branch above you? That is my private trolley line—"

"Yes," whimpered Pinchiwee, "but I'm no tight rope walker. I'd like to know how that is going to help me."

"Now, you just wait until I explain," said Daddy Fuzz, stretching out a leg in sympathy. "Grab hold of this lateral extremity as tight as you can cling, and I'll take you for such a joy ride as you've never had in your life. But mind, no ant-ics while you dangle."

Pinchiwee fearfully did as he was told. And such a ride! In the midst of his ant-ispasmodic joy, he felt himself light with a thump on old mother earth. He gazed about him in bewilderment; and found himself on his own little hill home.

"Oh, here he is!" bumped all his red-jacketed friends. "Our own dear Pinchiwee dropped from the sky!"

"Yes," bumped Pinchiwee in return, snuggling up to his Ant-y. "And such an adventure as I've had!"

After he had told them his anti-pathetic story, they gathered about him, and all joined in the ant-hem:

"Our Pinchiwee, Our Pinchiwee,
He wandered forth the world to see;
He found the world was not so fine,
So he came home on the trolley line."

COLLEGE LIFE

Life at the Normal may sometimes seem irksome,
Work at the College seems useless and dry;
Often we may have a notion to shirk some
Lesson important, and have a good cry;
But, as the summer draws nearer and nearer,
We, to our lessons will turn with a will;
Now we begin to see clearer and clearer,
Aims that the Normal has helped us fulfill.

Freshman Story

The Spy

"How do you like your room-mate by now?" inquired Jane of Ella as the two girls joined a half dozen others who had gathered in Jane's room to have a spread.

"Oh, she's all right, I guess, but she isn't the kind of a girl that I like; she's so queer."

"Yes, but just think, she is only a freshman; she doesn't know any of the girls and perhaps she has never been away from home before," retorted May, the peacemaker of the dormitory. "I think you will like her when you really get acquainted with her."

"Well, I've been rooming with her nearly three weeks and I think that is time enough for anybody to get acquainted, if she is ever going to. I didn't act that way when I first went away from home."

Just then there came a hasty tap at the door and Sarah Phillips entered, excitedly exclaiming, "Have you heard the latest?"

"No," responded the girls, "for goodness sake, tell us quick!"

"Why, some one has taken five dollars out of my room-mate's dresser and we can't find the least sign of it."

"And she is such a poor girl, too; it wouldn't have been so bad if it had been a rich one," echoed Jane, the wisest of Sophomores. "Are you going to report it?"

"No, Sarah, I shouldn't report it," hastily pleaded Ella; "it would create such a disturbance, and maybe the wrong person would be accused, and things would be in a terrible mess."

"But, mess or no mess, we cannot have things like that going on in our dormitory," indignantly retorted Sarah. "Since you are so wise, Miss Ella, what can we do about it, if we do not report it?"

After a minute's hesitation, Ella declared, "I think the best thing we can do is to have some of us older girls keep a close watch on the younger ones, and perhaps we can detect the guilty person without much trouble, if she repeats the act. Again, it might be that Naomi has only misplaced her money and might find it at any time."

Soon the girls came to the conclusion that Ella's plan was the best that could be made, so they chose Ella to be the spy. At Ella's suggestion, they then took up the agreeable subject of fudge making and dropped the unpleasant topic which had been so suddenly introduced, each one hoping that theft would not need be discussed again.

However, their hopes were soon blighted, for only a few weeks had passed, when Naomi Wood's necklace disappeared, and the indignant loser reported both thefts to the head matron.

"Have you any idea who did it?" calmly inquired the matron.

"No, ma'am, we are not sure, but Ella Goodrich has been acting as spy, and she thinks that Freshman she rooms with has shown the most evidence of guilt."

After receiving a severe scolding for not having reported the first loss, Naomi left the office with Mrs. Hall's promise to do what she could about it.

Well did the matron keep her promise, for by noon every room on the second floor had been searched. Ella and her room-mate had scarcely discovered that searchers had been in their room, when the matron's maid came to announce that the freshman was wanted in the office immediately. "Do you know what for?" faintly gasped the freshie.

"No, Clara, I'm not sure, but I think it is something about Naomi's necklace. Why, Ella, what is wrong, child? You look so—"

"I'm all right; I had a Latin exam. the last period and it made me so dizzy. It—"

Clara did not stay to hear more of the Latin test; she must face a test far worse than any Latin test. As she entered the office she said half aloud, "I was afraid it would come to this; it is bitter medicine, but maybe it will come out as I would have it."

The dining room was bubbling over with excitement when the girls came down to lunch and heard that the lost necklace had been found in the new freshman's room, and that perhaps the poor freshie would be sent home. Immediately many of the students recalled instances when Clara Redfield had acted unnatural and shy; others decided that it is always wise to watch a new freshman until you understand her character before you trust her in any way; some proudly remarked that they were glad they had not gotten acquainted with such a person; and several of the freshmen sympathetically said that they had associated with Clara a good deal, but had no idea that she would do such a thing and declared that they really did not think she was alone in her guilt.

However, it was not what her school-mates thought, but it was what Mrs. Hall thought that counted, so that evening when Clara had her final interview with those in authority, she strove to win forgiveness. Straightway Mrs. Hall demanded, "Miss Redfield, why did you commit those thefts?"

Just as Clara had feared, the question she dreaded most had been put to her first. After a short period of silence, she forced herself to say, "I don't know."

"That is a very poor response, Miss Redfield. Is that all you can say for yourself?"

This question gave Clara her chance to ask for pardon. Earnestly and bravely did she beg forgiveness, and faithfully did she promise good behavior in the future. But the matron's stern face did not relax into one of kindness as Clara had hoped. Soon the words, "You are expelled," struck the girl's ringing ears, and with a sigh of disappointment and a silent prayer, she left the office and stole up to her room.

As she opened the door, Ella stood silently gazing out of her little eastern window into the hazy evening twilight. She did not cease her gaze when her disgraced room-mate entered the room. But Clara, unhesitatingly, walked up to Ella, clasped her in her arms, and chokingly cried, "Ella, this is all for you, and I know it as well as you do; promise me faithfully you will never do it again and I can willingly bear my misfortune."

Becoming deathly pale, Ella spasmodically exclaimed, "Wha-what do y-you mean?"

"You know what I mean, but I thought it wouldn't be so bad for a freshman as it would for a senior, so I did not tell."

"No more of this," shrieked the exasperated spy as she tore herself from the freshie's grasp and dashed to the office.

Soon afterward as May passed the office door, she heard Mrs. Hall say, "Miss Goodrich, your confession has not only saved an innocent one from dishonor, but it has shown in yourself a redeeming quality as great as is your sin. You may remain in school on the condition of reformation, but remember that your creditor is Miss Redfield."

Rapidly did the good news spread. Soon the innocent freshman was clasped to the bosom of the repentant senior, while many excited young ladies happily gathered about the two girls, whose lives were ever afterward to be bound together by the ties of true love and honest friendship.

LAURA F. HILDRETH.

The "Preps'" Mistake

It was a few days after the opening of the new quarter and the eve of the annual reception. Of course everything was in confusion. Vivian Garrison and Nellie McDonald, two Seniors, were the only ones who seemed to be at all calm. And they could not see why "Babe" Terry and Beth Burton, second "Preps," should be "so excited about nothing."

By nine everyone was in the reception hall. Beth and Babe were standing in one corner, watching the people as they moved about. Presently, Beth said, "Who are those two standing by the piano?"

"I thing the short, pretty one in pink is the new Freshman I've heard about. The tall one, I imagine, is the new member of the Faculty. Let's go over and speak to them. I'm crazy about the little "Pink Lady."

So saying, the impetuous Babe rushed over and was soon gaily chatting to her "Pink Lady," whose name, she found, was Mabel Ripply. Before the evening was over she had succeeded in securing Miss Ripply's promise to come to her room the next evening.

By half-past seven the next evening, the girls had everything in readiness. Hearing a rap upon the door, Beth called out, "In." The door opened and in came the matron with Miss Jones, the tall girl whom Babe had classed as one of the Faculty. The matron gave them quite a talk, which ended with, "So, since she was so lonesome, I brought her up for you girls to cheer up."

Both girls stiffened. The same thought flashed into each girl's mind, "the spread—Mabel Ripply—oh horrors!"

Beth in confusion, asked Miss Jones to be seated. Then she tried to talk. Suddenly Babe, with a bright look on her face, jumped up and asked to be excused.

Rushing into the seniors' room across the hall, she exclaimed, "Vivian, you've got to help us. We've invited Mabel Ripply up for a spread and the matron just brought us Miss Jones, the new member of the faculty."

"But—" a queer expression passed over Vivian's face and glancing at her room-mate she said, "Very well, I'll take care of Miss Jones."

To Beth's relief and Babe's joy, Vivian was just taking Miss Jones over to her room, when Miss Ripply arrived.

Sinking back in a chair, Babe exclaimed, "Oh, we've been having such a time! You know the matron brought up Miss Jones, the member of the faculty, and we've just managed to get rid of her!"

A puzzled expression passed over Miss Ripply's face and she began, "But I really, I think you must be wrong, I—"

"Oh, never mind, it was nothing. Besides, we wanted just you!"

Miss Ripply smiled and entered into the fun of preparing the spread. When everything was ready, they sat down on the floor. Someone suggested story telling.

When it was Miss Ripply's turn, with a twinkle in her eye, she told the following story:

"Once there was an old negro who was very ambitious. While yet very young he married.

"Unfortunately his wife soon died. After a short time, he married again. This second wife made his life a torment to him. However, she too, soon died, and so he married again.

"Finally he took a fourth wife, the preceding ones having been buried in a corner of his yard. As time passed on, he grew to love his fourth wife as he had never loved before. As fate would have it, however, she too, died. She was buried beside the rest.

"After a time, the grass grew up about the graves so that the old darkie was unable to tell in which grave each wife was buried. Supposing that the grave nearest the house was his fourth wife's grave, he placed flowers upon it each day.

"Finally he too, died. Upon being asked by the director of roads which road, the high or the low, he wished to take, he replied, "I'se gwine take de road my bes' loved wife took."

"But which wife did you love best?"

"Dose yo' 'member de grave whar I done put de flowahs?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was her."

The director then told him to follow the low road until he came to a gate, to open it, and go in.

To the negro's amazement and remorse, he met his second wife just inside the gate. The poor blundering fellow had been placing bouquets on the wrong grave all the time!

Although the girls laughed, they did not see the point. Shortly after that, Miss Ripply left them.

The next day was convocation, so everyone went to the Assembly hall. Babe and Beth stood looking for Mabel Ripply.

Just then Miss Jones and Miss Ripply entered. What! Yes, Miss Jones was coming toward the freshmen seats and Miss Ripply was finding a seat among the faculty.

The two girls stood silent a moment, then Babe quoted softly, "The poor, blundering fellow had been placing flowers on the wrong grave all the time."

IVA BENIDICK, '17.

GIRLS AT THE NORMAL

Some girls are happy,
Other girls are sad,
Most of us are merry
And jolly and glad,
Some girls are stylish,
All are good to see;
That's because they're in Dillon,
At M. S. N. C.

ATHLETICS
MSNC
MSNC
MP

M.S.N.C.
1914
BASKET BALL

The Basketball Tournament

It seems positively necessary that there should be some vent for the interest and enthusiasm of such a lively bunch of girls as we find at the Normal College. An appropriate safety valve is provided for by the Annual Basketball Tournament, which began this year on the twenty-third of March and ended April third.

If the intellectuality of the crowd which attended the games was measured by its appreciation of good sportsmanship, Dillon is certainly one of the leading educational centers of America. Every good play was followed by a deafening roar of applause.

Some splendid material was shown in the "make-up" of every team represented. Five of the very best players from each class were selected and everyone worked for the honor of her team.

The "Preps," by a little class jingle show the spirit with which they entered the tournament:

"The little Preps in a low position,
The great, great Preps, with a high ambition."

Ambitious they certainly were, when they dared to oppose the strongest team in the school, the mighty Seniors.

No wonder the Freshmen won so many games! How could they have done otherwise when such inspiration was offered by the cheering side-lines. The quickness and ease with which they handled the ball was a revelation to their opponents. If this team can stick together till nineteen hundred sixteen, it may be superior to the Senior team this year.

The Juniors also displayed great talent. Some of the novel methods of evading the adversary and making baskets, were greatly admired by those present. This team, on account of an accident to one of its star players, was unable to play its last game with the Seniors.

As to the Seniors, the victorious team—it is "beyond our poor power to add or detract" from glory they have attained. Each game showed an improvement on the one before until the last great contest with the Freshmen, in which they won a brilliant but hard-earned victory.

After the game, pandemonium reigned. The classmates of the winning team were "simply wild with joy" at the result of the week's excitement, and everyone present rejoiced with them over the great victory.

BASKETBALL PERCENTAGES

Teams	Won	Lost	Per Cent	Points
'14	6	0	1.000	99
'15	2	4	.333	60
'16	4	2	.667	76
'17	0	6	.000	28

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Champions 1913-1914

(5) Anna Sullivan and (4) Beatrice Collins, forwards; (2) Jean Pendergast and (3) Pearl Mayer, guards; (6) Mary Stevens (captain), center; (1) Louise Hollister, substitute.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

(3) Yvonne Lepage (captain), and (5) Huldah Thompson, forwards; (1) Helen MacMillan and (4) Florence Martin, guards; (6) Helen Greenough, center; (2) Geraldine Goodwin, substitute.

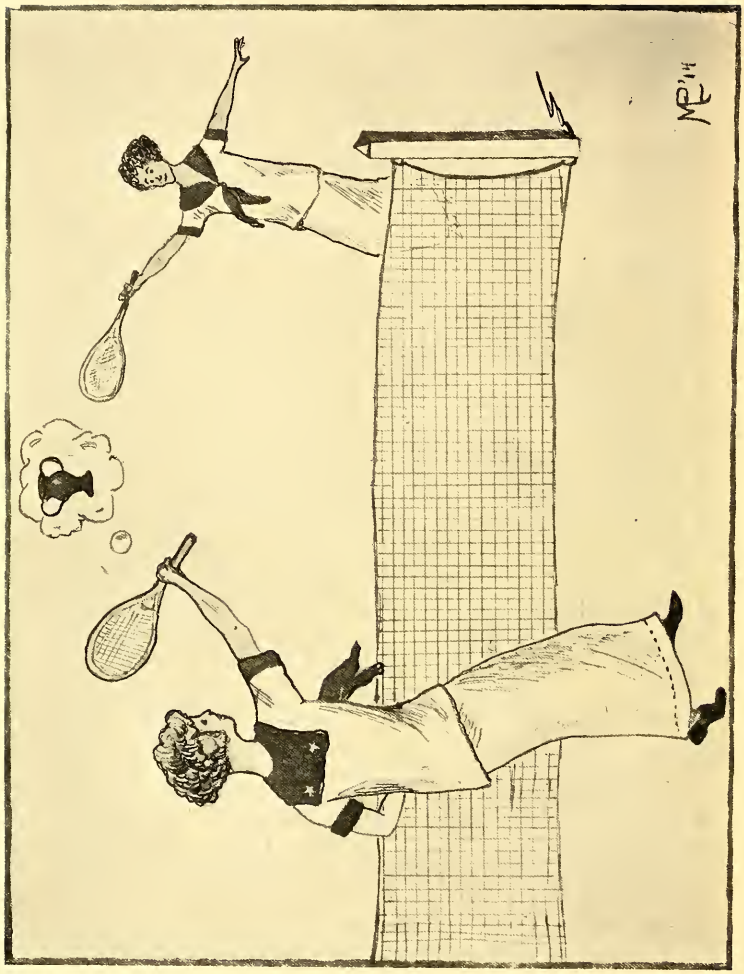
FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM

(3) Margaret Pendergast (captain), and (5) Nettie Bryan, forwards; (2) Mabel Edwards and (4) Ilo Tressler, guards; (6) Mabel Seidensticker, center; (1) Mabel Peterson and (7) Edith Schowe, substitutes.

PREP. BASKETBALL TEAM

(3) Sadie Murphy and (1) Carol Scott, forwards; (4) Bessie Connely and (5) Anna Zuidama, guards; (2) Zita Brennan (captain), center; (6) Rosa Drummond, substitute.

DILLON P. S. BASKETBALL TEAM



TENNIS AND SKATING CLUB

Tennis Club

Among the school organizations we find one which changes with the season. In the winter, it becomes the Skating Club, while during the other three seasons we have the Tennis Club.

The officers of the club in both cases are:

President.....Beatrice Collins
Vice-President.....Julia Driscoll
Secretary.....Zita McGovern
Treasurer.....Martha Powers

One of the most important features of the tennis season was the tournament. Those entering the contests were:

Alice Wall.
Louise Hollister.
Beatrice Collins.
Florence Lepper.
Esther Thomas.

The final contest was between Florence Lepper and Beatrice Collins. A silver cup was given by Professor Mosher to the champion, Miss Collins.

Skating Club

During the sharp, cold, winter nights the members of the Skating Club were made happy by the cry, "The Rink Is Lighted."

Following this cry a hurried scramble for sweaters, caps and skates ensued. Crowds of girls thronged the pond. Everywhere was laughter, and the cold tingling air brought a glow to the cheeks and a high spirit of exhiliration.

The skaters flew back and forth, popped the whip, cut figures and names on the ice, and the on-lookers were afforded jolly amusement by the clumsy antics of the beginners.

The members of the club were free to skate on the pond at any time and to invite their friends. A small fee was collected from the members and at the end of the season the money collected was expended for a party.

This was given on a bright, silvery night, when the air was cold and sharp, but the skaters spent several hours on the smooth ice, and then a merry, laughing crowd trooped over to the dormitory where they were served with hot tamales and coffee. The evening ended in dancing, and the enthusiastic members adjourned with nine "rah's" for the Skating Club.

Field Day On The Campus

It was a delightful afternoon in May when I first visited the City of Dillon. Not having anything to do, I decided to visit the Normal College, the one thing for which Dillon is noted. On arriving on the campus, I was struck by its holiday appearance. Here and there were groups of gaily dressed girls. One spot in particular attracted my attention, for here a great crowd had gathered, who seemed to be anxiously waiting for something, I knew not what. Turning to a by-stander, I inquired why so many people had assembled. He told me this was the Annual Field Day at both the Normal College and Training School.

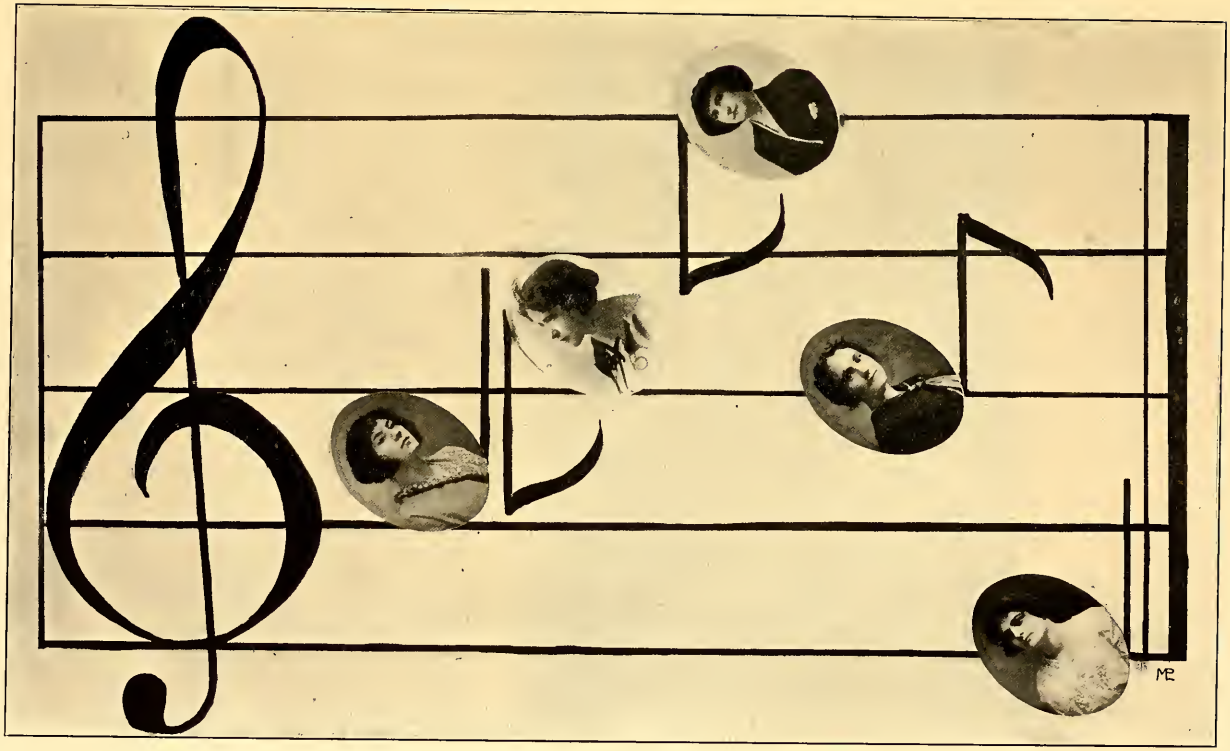
From his description and my own later experience, I judged their Field Day to be similar to the day set apart by the Ancient Greeks for the celebration of their Oympian Games. Just as the Greeks had to undergo special training in order to enter the contests, so the students also trained for months previous to the great day. Not only did all the classes at the College, from Preps to Seniors, do good work, but the children of the Training School had also been carefully trained.

Special prizes were offered to the class and class captain at the College, whose work was the best. The Field Day Cup was awarded to the class that made the best appearance. The classes were judged according to the skill, ease of movement and attention. A gold medal was awarded the best class captain. The captains were judged according to poise, command and general control.

Not only was the training considered, but also the costumes, so that the drills and dances were made as attractive as possible. Such drills and dances were given as mock fights, military drills, Spanish, May pole, Shoemaker and Dutch clog dances. The bright costumes worn by those partaking in the sport add greatly to the beauty and attractiveness of the scene.

Later in the day, the boys of the Training School held their track meet, which consisted of racing, jumping, pole vaulting, etc. Pennants, monograms and arm-bands were awarded those holding the best records.

FIELD DAY



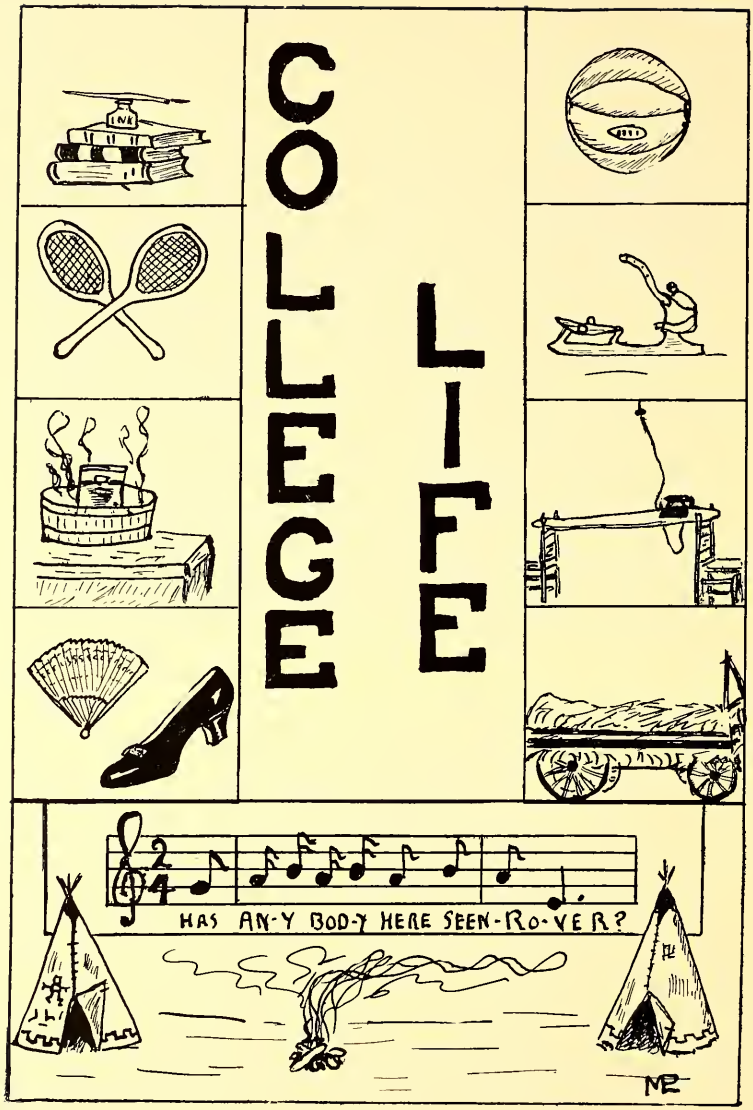
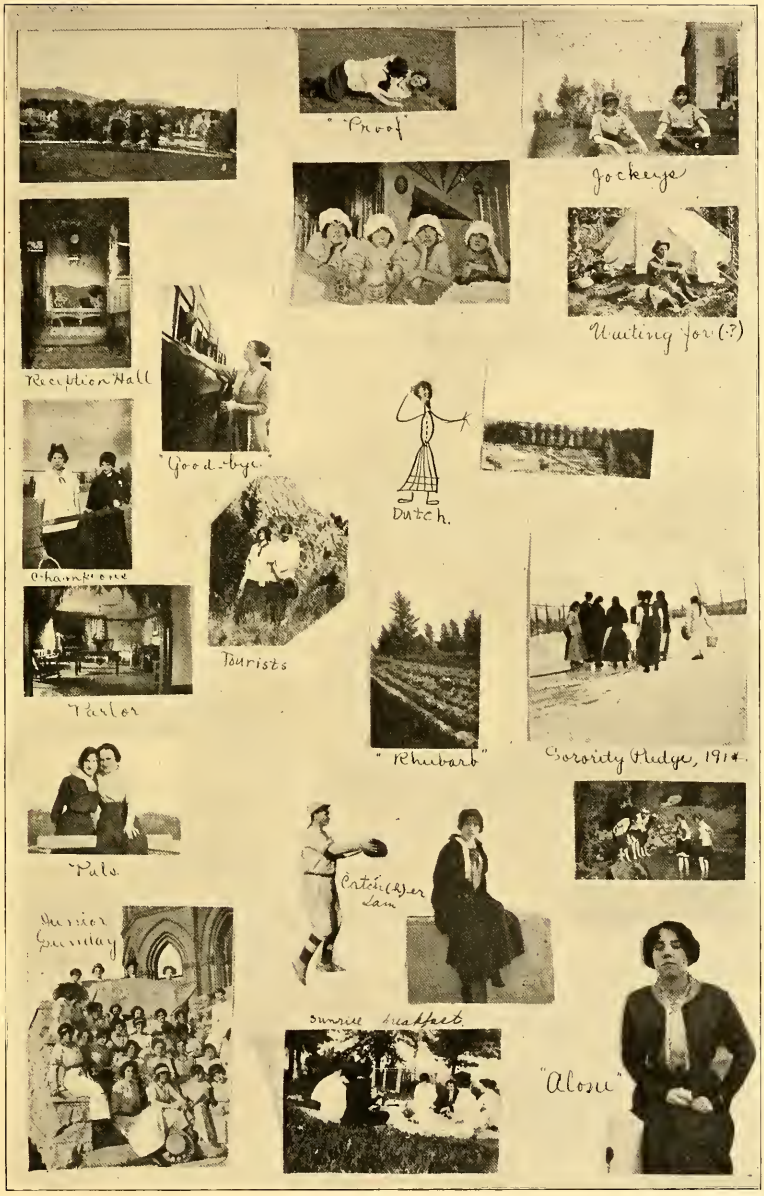
OFFICERS OF THE GLEE CLUB

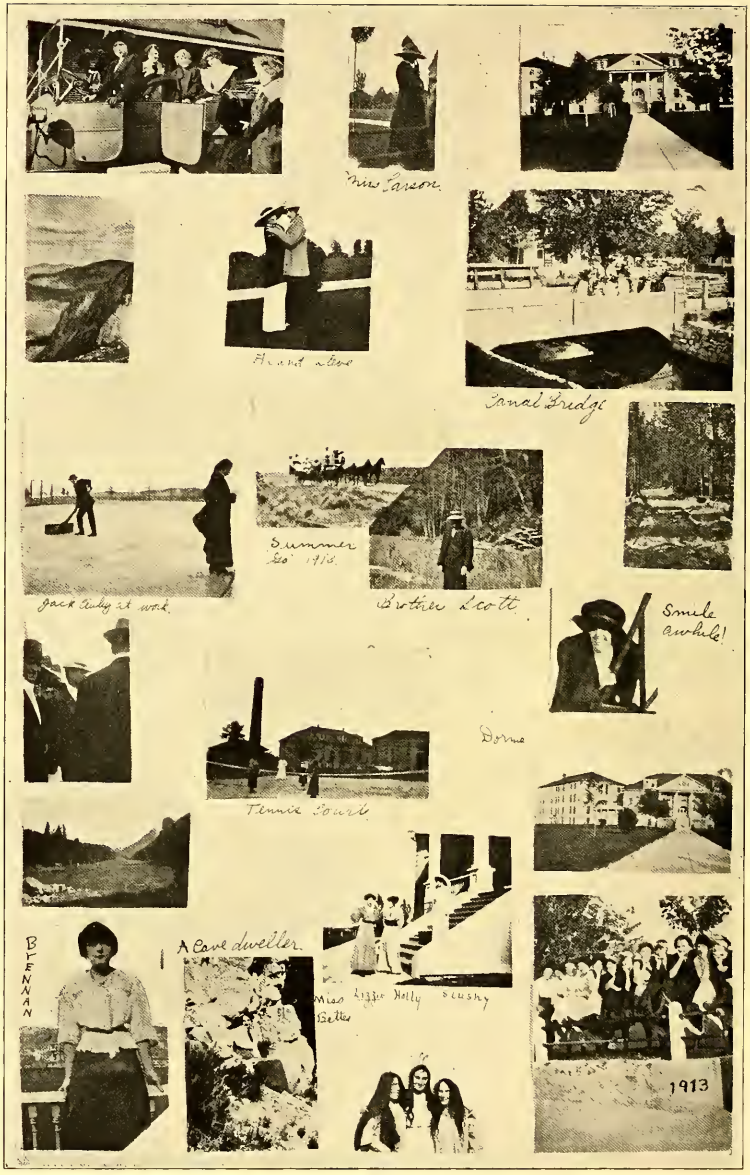
Glee Club

Our College Glee Club, which did good work early in the year, but later was forced to disband on account of crowded school programs.

Orchestra

College Orchestra, our principle source from which comes most of Normal "charms to soothe the savage breast."


COLLEGE LIFE
HAS AN-Y BOD-Y HERE SEEN-RO-VE R?

"Proof"
Jockeys
Reception Hall
"Good-bye"
Waiting for (?)
Dutch.
Chaperone
Tourists
Parlor
"Rhubarb"
Sorority Hedge, 1914.
"Pals"
Catch(A)er Sam
Senior Sunday
Sunrise breakfast
"Alone"

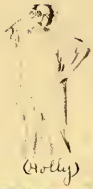

Miss Larson
Canal Bridge
Summer
Brother Scott
Smile awhile!
Dorms
Tennis Court
A Cave dweller
1913

Bessie B. Irene H.

A good-hearted.

Bea Edith Betty Breezy.

Woodrow Wilson on the Campus



Sunny Sonus (Holly)

Pre-movie

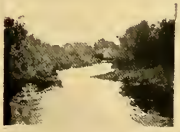
Eight-out girls!

?

Smallest boy?

Dobbin.

Oh yes!



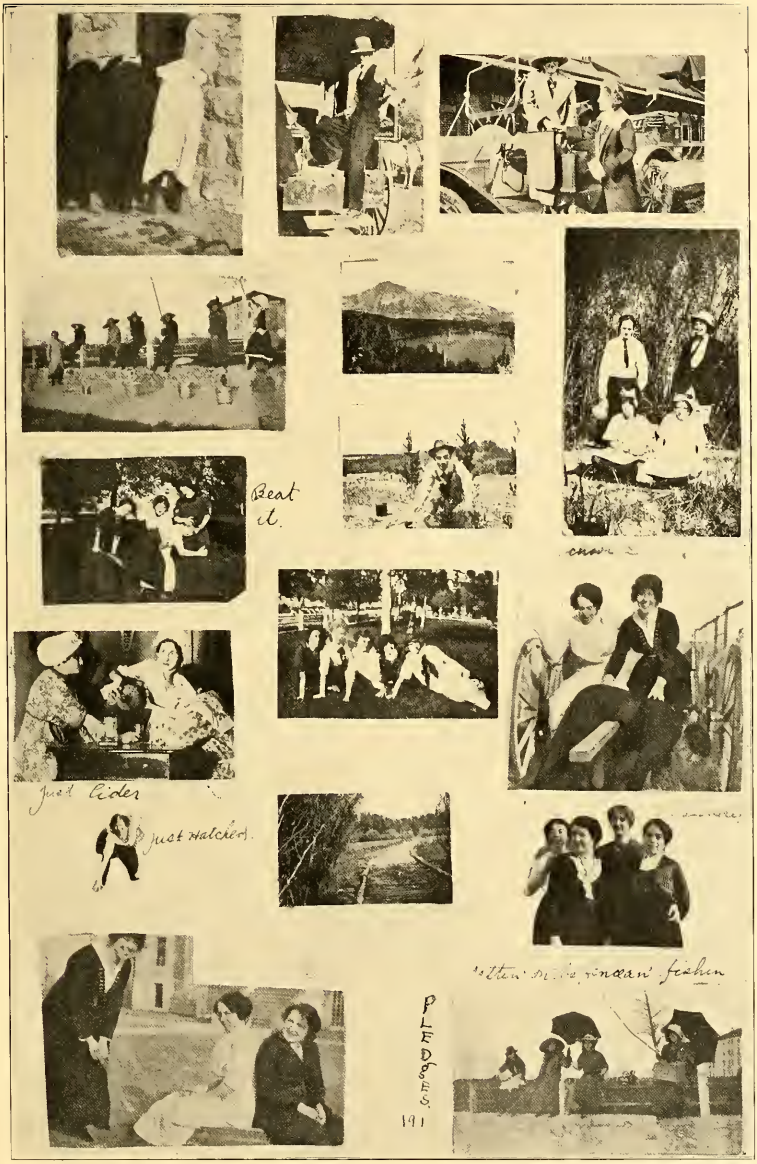
Bea

Merry life, Pat!

Early letters

Some feed.

Carol Alice Steve Pat Al Beck

Summer time.
Pre
Prom.
Rosie's
On your mark!
Oh! Hobby!
All Aboard for Alaska!
Dances.
Mostly feet
Some class to our Golla Girls
Gee + Beta
At fishin'
Arsie at the North Pole.
near us.
ERIA

Beat it.
just cider
just hatched
PLEDGES
191

"Free Throw"
"Go"
Sport.
"First Snowfall"
"Look Pleasant"
"Beautiful Shot"
"Thunking"
"Double bar" brand
M.S.M.C.
"Lost"
Wash Day
Starting for Brown's Lakes
"Ready"
Good-bye "Clarckie"
"Sunflowers"
"Hurry up"
"Wading"

"Ouch"
Front view.
"Puzzle"??!
"Stingy"
Just for a day.
"Just Think"
"Hurt"
"Where to"?
After the exams.
I am "he"
A jolly crowd
Rye Patch.
"Morning Dip"
"At Last"
The old apple tree
CHERISETTE

MR

SORORITY

SORORITY

SORORITY

SORORITY

Kappa Zeta Nu

The Kappa Zeta Nu is a Senior secret society, which was organized nine years ago. It has as its purpose the furthering of college spirit through literary and social channels and the members of the class of 1914 have carried out this purpose very successfully. Twice each month the members gather in the cozy Sorority rooms, to enjoy the mysteries of the society, and many delightful programs have been given throughout the year.

Kappa Zeta Nu

OFFICERS—1913

President	Pearl Mayer
Vice-President	Jean Pendergast
Treasurer	Florence Lepper
Secretary	Wilhelmina Kramer
Historian	Irene Yearian
Sergeant-at-Arms	Isabel Ryan

OFFICERS—1914

President	Carrie Slusher
Vice-President	Belle Bothwell
Treasurer	Mabel Torreyson
Secretary	Mary Parrish
Historian	Elizabeth Manthey
Critic	Mona Sutherland
Sergeant-at-Arms	Margaret Wallace

K. Z. N. MEMBERSHIP

Honorary Members

Joseph E. Monroe
Lucy H. Carson
Mrs. Anna W. Owsley
Laura M. Kress
Robert Clark
John B. Cluley
E. Ray Mosher
Addie E. Bettes
Grant E. Finch
Nina M. Nash
Lillian R. Free
Frank H. Garver
Lucy E. Herrick
E. Agnes Scott
Edith Hatch
Walter Scott
Edna W. Ketchum
Rebecca Lawrence
Delia Dorchester
Amy E. Lees
Alice E. Russell
Jennie M. Sanders
Annabell Long
Bert Short
Lillian A. Baker
Lydia Roberts
Elizabeth P. Jones
Grace Rait
Rietta J. Rust
Alma Van De Walker
Mary L. Innes
Anna Hazard
Julia Clements

Active Members

Olga Anderegg
Nellie Beck
Bessie Bennett
Verna Bird
Belle Bothwell
Harriett Chandler
Beatrice Collins
May Cotter
Ada Davies
Louise Dodds
Bessie Dissett
Julia Driscoll
Agnes Finnegan
Carrie Giudici
Louise Hollister
Dell Hunsaker
Nina Judson
Ella Kerrigan
Nina Kirk
Wilhelmina Kramer
Florence Lepper
Helen Lindlief
Erna Luther
Pearl Mayer
Elizabeth Manthey
Mayme Morgan
Zita McGovern
Lucy McGrady
Alice O'Brien
Lucy Owens
Mary Parrish
Jean Pendergast
Margaret Poindexter
Martha Powers
Alice Roney
Isabel Ryan
Carrie Slusher
Mary Stevens
Anna Sullivan
Agnes Sullivan
Mona Sutherland
Mabel Torreyson
Alice Wall
Margaret Wallace
Irene Yearian

CHILD
STUDY

Child Study Club

A college Prof. whose name is Clark,
At meetings of this club presides;
The Senior Class its members are,
On Monday eve to meet decides.

On Monday eve 'twixt seven and eight,
In our dorm parlors they convene,
And of the child we each relate
Some interesting report.

Some mention those so bright and good,
Who have a normal mind;
Others spoken of are deaf,
And some of course, are blind.

Once on a time, at this same club,
A story true, and one divine,
Of Helen Keller's life was told,
By sweet and gentle Al. O'Brien.

Of varied course the work has been,
And now you will not wonder why
This club in foremost place is seen,
For in it, our deep interests lie.

DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN

Der Deutsche Verein

The Deutsche Verein was reorganized for the year on December 6, under the direction of Mrs. Kress.

Meetings are held once every two weeks in the Y. W. C. A. room. At each meeting a short program is given, which is carried on in the German language.

Organization

OFFICIERE

Praesident.....Frau Ada Davies
Vice-Praesident.....Herr Ray Spencer
Sekretaerin.....Fraulein Morgan

VEREIN MOTTO

Ubung Macht den Meister

VEREIN FARBEN

Rot, weiss, und schwartz

WEIHNACTS FEST PROGRAM

Aschenputtel

Aschenputtel.....Margaret Carroll
Der Prinz.....Carl Schmidt
Stief Mutter.....Rosa Drummond
Der Vater.....Ray W. Spencer
Stief Schwestern.....Ilo Tressler, Bessie Smith
Der Page.....Warner Metlen
Konigs Gefolge.....Pearl Mayer, Florence Lepper
Fee.....Ethel Adams

(Schauspiel Schreiber, Frau Ada Davies)

After "Das Deutsche Verein" had been sung, each member was presented with a little German figure from Professor Clark. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

The Secret of the P. I. G.'s

Once on a time, one sunny day not many years ago, a teacher of biology in a college we all know told to the pupils of his class of a college far away, where every class would choose a pet—the Sophs, an owl, we'll say. Then straightway one bright Normal girl said, "Let us do the same! Why can't this class select a pet—some animal, wild or tame?" But to decide on such a pet they must consider well, and what this act would lead them to, no one could well foretell.

Well, just within a day or so—two days, or maybe three—this class had formed into a club, as happy as could be. Not only did they choose a pet, they also had a name, and what was even better yet, they had a worthy aim. A biology club, of course, it was to study things alive; to save the good, destroy the bad in nature would they strive. They'd learn of, care for, love good plants, they'd kill the noxious weeds, they'd raise best vegetables and fruits—they'd raise them from the seeds. To make the college grounds look nice, the club would all combine; they'd tend with care the bleeding hearts and matrimonial vine. They'd go for gophers, kill the bugs too, like the toad they'd learn; they'd see the use of—even hold the wriggling angle-worm. They'd feed, they'd listen to birds, larks, robins, chickadees; with interest they would closely watch the busy bumble bees. In fact, they'd love just all good creatures, great and small.

"For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

You see the aim of the P. I. G's. What do these letters mean? The secret will I tell you: They—

(No more space allowed.)

Y. W. C. A.

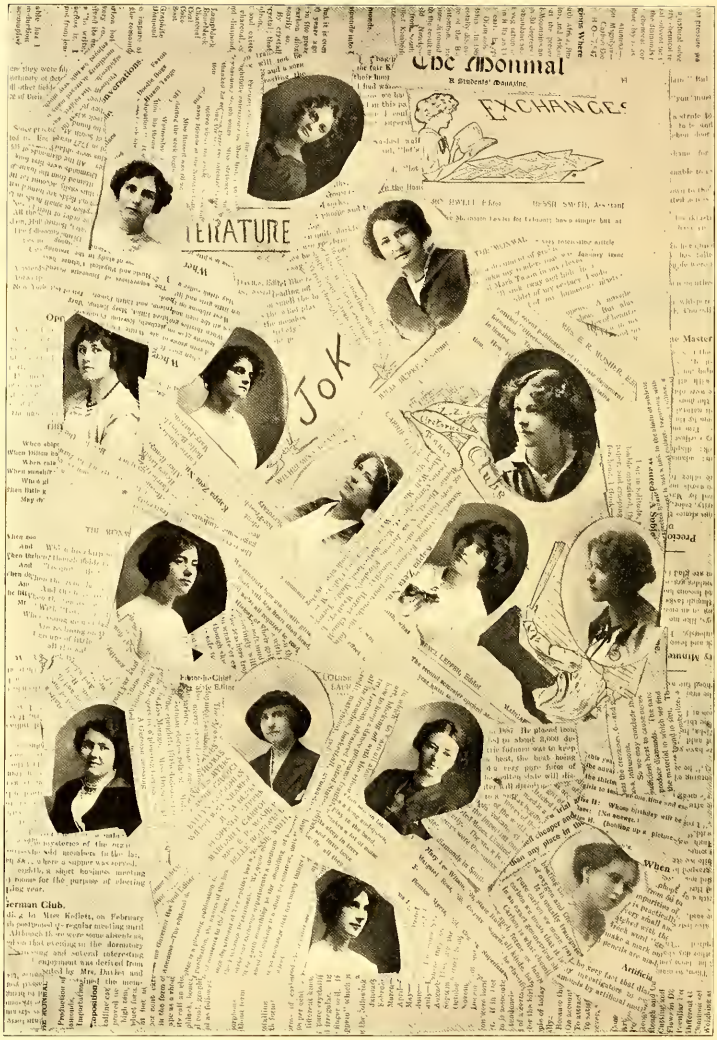
Y. W. C. A.

During the present year the membership of the Y. W. C. A. has been greater than that of the previous year, there being about twenty-seven members. However, the percentage of active members is still in the minority.

In the early part of the year, Miss Fox, the traveling secretary for the Northwestern Section of the Y. W. C. A., visited at the Normal Hall; during her visit she gave several interesting addresses on the work of this world-wide organization.

Throughout the year a Bible Study class has been conducted by Dr. Robert Clark of the college faculty. The topic of study has been "The Women of the Bible," and a valuable course has it proved to be. The class meets regularly every week. At some of the meetings special features, generally of a musical character, are enjoyed by the Bible students.

The officers of our local association are:

President	Bessie Dissett
Vice-President	Carrie Giudici
Secretary	Alice Roney
Treasurer	Helen Lindlief

OUR MONMAL STAFF

The Monmal

It surely is a fine publication. Who could say otherwise? Though the board and staff have worked against many obstacles this year, The Monmal has been provided with some of the best material in its history. The students of the college have done unusually well in their contributions of stories, jokes and social news of interest. Every member of the staff has put forth her greatest effort to bring it the utmost success. This body of reporters and managers consists of:

Editor-in-Chief	Louise Hollister
Assistant Editor	Laura Hildreth
Literary Editor	Ada Davies
Assistant Literary Editor	Esther Thomas
Local and Social Editor	Beatrice Collins
Assistant Local and Social Editor	Mamie Barrett
Club Editor	Carrie Giudici
Assistant Club Editor	Evelyn Coughlin
Wit and Humor Editor	Wilhelmina Kramer
Assistant Wit and Humor Editor	Angie Andrews
Training School Editor	Florence Lepper
Assistant Training School Editor	Margaret Carroll
Alumni Editor	Mrs. E. R. Mosher
Exchange Editor	Belle Bothwell
Assistant Exchange Editor	Bessie Smith
Business Manager	Louise Dodds
Assistant Business Manager	Margaret Pendergast

THE BOARD

Miss Lucy H. Carson, Chairman
Miss Jean Pendergast, Secretary
Miss Belle Bothwell
Miss Angie Andrews
Miss Agnes McRae
Miss May Marchesseau
Miss Lillian Betz

The Oratorical Association

The association of the greatest educational value in our college is the Oratorical association. It is the local division of the Montana State Oratorical association, the purpose of which is to promote and encourage oratory in the institutions of learning throughout the state.

The local association was organized early in the year and the following officers were elected:

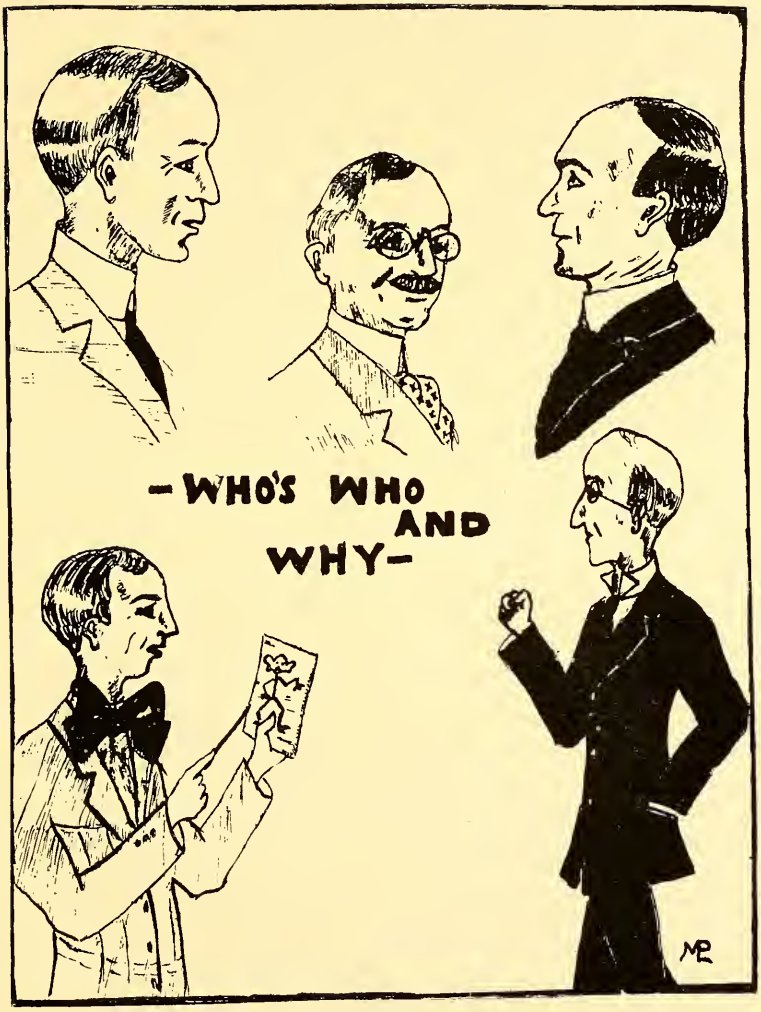
President	Carrie Giudici
Vice-President	Louise Hollister
Secretary-Treasurer	Laura Hildreth

The entertainments given by this body are always looked foreward to with greatest anticipation by the students and members of the faculty. A very interesting one was given in the dining-room of the dormitory on March 19. An exceedingly interesting and entertaining debate was given by the anticipated contestants for the preliminary contest on the question, "Resolved, that this country would be better off if the Irish had never come over." The remainder of the program consisted of vocal and instrumental solos by other members of the association.

The local oratorical and extemporaneous speaking contest was held on April 8. Those taking part in the former were: Marie Conley, Wilhelmina Kramer, Esther Thomas, Ruth Harding and Carl Schmidt. Miss Thomas won first place and thirty dollars. She will represent the Normal College at the state contest to be held at Deer Lodge on May 1. Miss Kramer won second place, twenty dollars, and will be Miss Thomas' alterate at the state contest. Miss Conley won ten dollars, which was third prize. The extemporaneous speakers were: Mabel Edwards, Evangeline Lowther, Harriet Chandler and Alice Wall. Miss Edwards was voted first place, but not having met the requirement of speaking for at least seven minutes, she was barred from this rank and Miss Chandler and Miss Lowther tied for first place. The fifteen dollars prize money in this contest was equally divided among Miss Chandler, Miss Edwards and Miss Lowther.

To conclude, there is this to say: Mr. Garver has been very active in the work of the association this year. It was through his efforts that such great interest was manifested in the local contest on the part of the prominent business men of Dillon, who very beneficently give prize money every year to the successful contestants.

SMILE
'14


-WHO'S WHO AND WHY-

THE SONG OF THE CHINOOK

Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these poems and cartoons,
With the spirit of our college,
With the life and mirth of school days,
With the tales about our practice,
With its pleasures and its worries,
With the echoes of our tourney,
And its wild reverberations
As the sound of rooters cheering,
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the campus and the corridors,
From the assembly and the class-room,
From the stair-ways and the hall-ways,
From the rec-hall and the parlor,
From the wise words of the seniors,
From the cleverness of the juniors,
From the struggles of the freshmen,
From the gameness of the preps,
From training school and college,
As they all together mingled;
I repeat them as I heard them,
From the lips of all these people.

BOOBY SHANG SAYINGS

A little gossip goes a long way.

How to be happy: Quit living.

A woman's college is a dangerous thing.

Many a glad hand turns out to be the hook.

Where ignorance is bliss, it is blister to be wise.

That love is blind accounts for so many miscues.

An earthquake is not what it's cracked up to be.

When duty calls, send her around to the back door.

A spoony couple under an umbrella is a sign of a rain beau.

Silks with watered effects are popular with milkmen's wives.

Nocturne: Bright, light, night—Miss, kiss, bliss—Pa, bar, scar.

Who was Achilles? Oh, he was that Greek with the bum heel.

Many a woman prefers a love of a hat to the love of a husband.

There is some good in every heart, some rubber in every neck.

Keep limburger cheese closely confined under glass until it ceases to struggle.

A woman wears a veil for the same reason that distance lends enchantment.

You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time.

Definition of skates: A pair of skates—Two persons skating together for mutual assistance.

It is said that nothing is impossible, but there are lots of people doing nothing every day.

Most things are good when they're new—men and violins don't get good till they're old.

The poet associates his larks with high heaven; the realist associates his larks with a high-ball.

The text which bids a man love his neighbor as himself makes no mention of said neighbor's wife.

It is no longer good form to serenade young ladies. If you wish to win their favor, toot an automobile horn.

Boy, gun.
Joy, fun.
Gun, bust.
Boy, dust.

Some mean old maid,
Without a doubt,
Who'd never tasted bliss,
Was first to start that lie about
The microbe in a kiss.

I've worn red, white and blue on the Fourth, holly on Xmas, carnations on Mother's day and green on St. Patrick's day. What in the world shall I wear on Easter? A boiled egg?

HOW TO EDIT AN ANNUAL

When a practice girl makes a flunk,
Keep it out;
When a convo. song is punk,
Keep it out;
When two friends in anger clash,
When again we get the same old hash,
Or somebody donates some cash,
Keep it out.

If they quarrel when at church,
Keep it out;
When Billy again is left in the lurch,
Keep it out;
When nine Normalites fair to see,
Whisper something over tea,
Print it? Goodness gracious me,
Keep it out.

When there's something really good,
Keep it out;
For you know you really should,
Keep it out;
Stories thin and stories tall,
Good or bad and big or small,
Anything that is fun at all,
Keep it out.

—ADAPTED.

SPOONOLOGY CLUB

Aim: To discover the most scientific, psychological and satisfactory methods in spooning.

Rules of Order

1.—Each member must have had at least six months' practical experience in country spooning before applying for dormitory position.
2.—At least three methods must have been tried and proven satisfactory before membership is possible.
3.—One ideal method surpassing that used by E. K. and W. C. must be perfected before complete membership is attained.

Officers of the Club

Chief Spooner.....E-l- K-r-i-a-
Spooniest Spooner.....Y-u-n-e- L-p-g-
Spoonier Spooner.....A-n- S-l-i-a-
Ever Ready Spooner.....L-u-s- H-l-i-t-r-

Members Rejected

Bee Collins (not enthusiastic enough).
Pat Mayer (too anxious).
Julia Driscoll (too much practice).
Alice O'Brien and Mary Stevens (not well enough acquainted with the gentle art.)

Those on the waiting list are: Marie Conley, Martha Powers, Nellie Beck, Isabelle Ryan, Margaret Wallace and Mary Parrish.

THE ODD FELLOW'S CLUB

Oddest Odd Fellow*....Tom Davies
Modest Odd Fellow....Ray Spencer
Vice Oddest Odd Fellow.....
.....Howard Epler
Odder Fellow.....Carl Schmidt
Odd Fellow.....Clyde Powers

This club meets whenever possible; in the halls, on the street, or in the boiler-room. Two members constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

The purpose of the club is to magnify and promulgate the importance of the masculine element in the Montana State Normal college. This is a very worthy purpose. Let the good work go on.

* Married.

ANNIE LAURIE'S DAY DREAM

"Annie Laurie" said, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," "Old Black Joe," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Far Away Down in the Land of Dixie."

When you took me home from "The Quilting Party" "Last Night" and said, "I Need Thee Every Hour." I sang "The Battle Cry of Freedom." You said, "Abide With Me," and I said, "How Can a Little Child, Like Me." I am sorry, for when I saw the "Three Blind Mice" I hollered "All Through the Night," "Don't Wake Me Up, I Am Dreaming" "In Dear Old Tennessee."

"Are You Feeling as Lonesome as I Am," "Baby Boy?"

Do you remember when we sang "Love's Old Sweet Song" "By the Light of the Jungle Moon" down "On Mobile Bay," "When You Were Twenty-one and I Was Sweet Sixteen?"

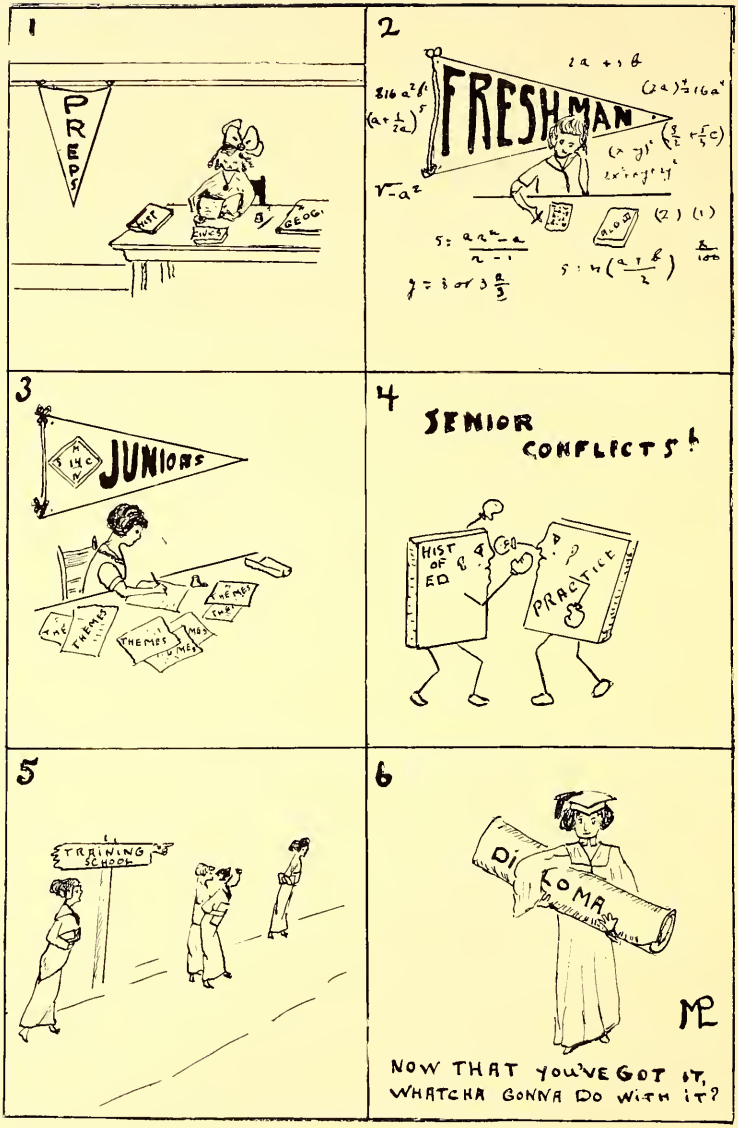
"Maybe That's Why I'm Lonely," "Baby Mine."

"Long, Long Ago" we danced "The Chicken Rag," "The Texas Tommy Swing," "The Bunny Hug," "The Turkey Wing," "The Confetti March," "The Siberian Dip," "The Angleworm Twist," "The Oklahoma Twirl" and "The Hobo Hop."

"When I Think of You Now" "In the Gloaming" I can hear your voice "Sweet and Low," as you draw up the "Old Oaken Bucket" "Down Where the Daffodils Grow."

Now since you are gone I can't sing "Be Sweet to Me, Kid," but instead I can sing "Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye."

The question, "Why does the earth move?" has finally been settled by Mr. Scott's junior geography class. Here is their decision: "It is cheaper to move than pay rent."



EVOLUTION OF A SENIOR

DORMITORY LIMERICK

Since the beautiful girlies of Norm,
So closely are kept in the Dorm;
Wise men of the city,
Unthinking of pity,
Stroll hereward as matter of Form.

Mr. Scott (reviewing for physics exam.)—What's matter?

Miss Starr—Me? Why nothing is the matter.

Mr. Clark (in speaking of the novel "Freckles")—How many of you have read (red) freckles?

Boy (giving a riddle)—Why is a woman like a soldier?

Answer given by small boy—Because she's always on the go.

Verna Bird (to the assistant librarian)—Mayme, are you going to shut up pretty soon?

Prof. Scott (in physics class)—Miss Benedick, what do you mean by the north pole, anyway?

Miss Benedick—The geographical end of the earth.

Prof. Scott (the day after a dance)—Miss Benedick, what is a moment?

Miss B. (musingly)—A moment is the notational effect of a couple.

Ray Spencer (in physics, was explaining the experiment of sound by the use of cannons. He forgot to mention two of them).

Prof. Scott—What is it, Miss Morgan?

M. Morgan—I was just going to say they had two guns.

Prof. Scott—Why?

M. Morgan—To do away with any intervening object.

Prof. Clark—How long is your report, Miss Sullivan?

Ann Sullivan—Oh, it's short.

Prof. Scott (in geography)—Name the products of South America.

B. Connelly—Tropical fruits, cocoa beans and coffee.

Prof. Scott—Well?

B. Connelly—Rubber.

A SENIOR'S DAY

4:00 a. m.—Alarm.

5:00 a. m.—Still cramming physics.

6:00 a. m.—Just completed the fifteenth lesson plan. Washed a handkerchief. Ironed a waist.

6:30 a. m.—Rising bell—not a Senior in bed.

7:01 a. m.—Dressed and a rag rug woven! One minute late to breakfast. Missed the oranges.

7:30 a. m.—All the class (?) present to learn how to build, decorate, buy, repair or tear down a school house.

8:25 a. m.—Mr. Cluley teaches the Seniors how to print their names.

9:35 a. m.—Still at it; due at the training school at 9:15.

10:58 a. m.—Smiled the last smile at the last impudent boy.

11:00 a. m.—At "Special Methods" in college.

11:45 a. m.—Conference. Sorrow! Why? Because you stand a slight bit heavier on your left foot; you hold your reader an inch too low; your voice is not distinct, you call the pupil's name before asking a question—Joy! "But your teaching is satisfactory."

12:10 p. m.—Dinner at twelve, but a bed to be made, a letter to be read, a room to be cleaned and an application to be written.

1:15 p. m.—Just on time. Right face. Left face. Bend as gracefully as a willow. Dance like a fairy.

2:10 p. m.—Run like lightning to the training school.

3:15 p. m.—On the way back. Physics at three. Are greeted with, "Do you girls realize that there have been one hundred thirty tardinesses since this class began?"

4:10 p. m.—Convocation. No one went to sleep!

5:15 p. m.—Teachers' meeting. "Please explain why each child differs from every other."

6:10 p. m.—Just in the door and the dinner bell ringing. "Why are you not dressed for dinner?"

7:00 p. m.—Study.

9:10 p. m.—Methods note-book nearly done.

9:30 p. m.—Physics.

9:50 p. m.—Physics note-book nearly done.

10:50 p. m.—"Lights out young ladies."

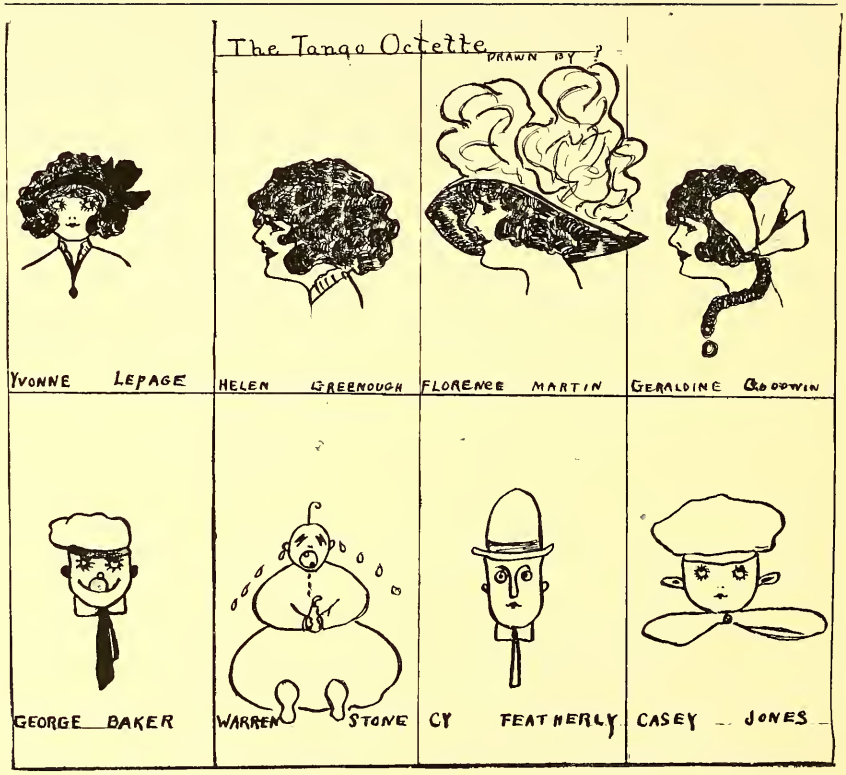
11:10 p. m.—School economy note-book to write; lights not out yet.

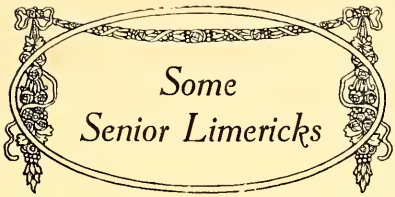
11:55 p. m.—Five melodies to be written.

12:30 a. m.—Slit to be sewed in narrow skirt which refused to stand the strain.

12:45 a. m.—Hair to be put on curlers.

1:00 a. m.—Just into bed.


The Tango Octette
DRAWN BY ?
YVONNE LEPAGE
HELEN GREENOUGH
FLORENCE MARTIN
GERALDINE GODWIN
GEORGE BAKER
WARREN STONE
CY FEATHERLY
CASEY JONES



There was a young man named Monroe,
Who is now some years older you know;
He left Indiana
And came to Montana,
The state where the handsome girls grow.

There was a young man called Bobby,
Psychology was his chief hobby;
Down the street he would go,
In the rain and the snow,
And through it all he dressed quite nobby.

There was once a modest young girl,
Whom her parents fondly called Pearl;
But for all that
She was plain "Pat,"
When caught in the college whirl.

The seniors had a basketball team,
Whose playing was a perfect dream;
They put balls in baskets,
Opponents in caskets,
And Oh, how their class-mates did scream!

There was a senior girl named Anna,
Who hailed from the state of Montana;
She was very well bred
And held up her head,
Till one day she stepped on a banana.

There was a great dish called hash,
That was served up to us with a dash;
It came every day
From September till May,
When we broke every plate with a crash.

There was a young girl from Butte,
Who really was very, very cute;
She could play basketball,
'Twas no trick at all,
While the rest wondered how she could do't.

There was a young man named Cluley,
He spoke and thought he spoke truly;
"In tag day," said he,
"No good can I see,
But I'll pay my blame dollar an' be ruly."

There was a young man named Spencer,
And seldom was anyone denser?
When asked for a toast
He said with a boast,
"I'm boosting for Thomas," said Spencer.

There was a wise man called Finch,
Who thought teaching kids was a cinch;
We asked him to try;
He said, "Bye-and-bye."
But what has become of Doc. Finch?

There was a girl named Dell,
Who thought she was quite swell;
But she was so vain,
It gave me a pain,
And where she shall go, I can't tell.

There was a Prof. named Scott,
And we tell you he's no dott;
He reaches over deck
And nearly kills Beck,
And the doctor comes in mit the cot.

A man who claimed to be Rev. Rag,
Was no more like a preacher than an old vag;
But a fine host is he,
If a preacher he'd be,
He'll have to reform, poor old wag.

There was a young lady named Holly,
Who yesterday said, "By golly,
I do like to tramp
When out-side it is damp,
And to slip in the mud is quite jolly."

There was a sweet Miss called Flo,
Who had such a nice big beau;
He went off alright
In the great war to fight
And now of brave deeds we shall know.

There once was a boy named Frank,
Who grew to be tall and quite lank;
One day in baseball
He took a bad fall,
But gained a good wife by the prank.

OUR ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSORS

The physics class had assembled in the lecture room but Professor Scott had not come. The last bell rang. "Gee, there's the bell, let's skip," said one student. "No, we'd better wait a while," said another, "we might meet him in the hall." They waited, but the Prof. did not come. "How long do we have to wait, anyway, for a Prof., who is so absent-minded as to forget his classes?" spoke up the first student. "Prof. Garver says we ought to wait ten minutes, that such a custom exists in many institutions," said another. And so after waiting ten minutes the physics' class went to their rooms.

On the way out of the room, one girl remarked to another, "Are the other professors as absent-minded as Scott?" "I don't know, we might appoint an investigating committee," was the response. "Let's do it and write it up for the Chinook," suggested a third. And so it came to pass that a committee of three seniors was chosen for this important task.

After much discussion as to the best method of procedure, the committee decided to call upon the wives of the male part of the faculty. The first home visited was that of Mrs. Monroe. To our question as to whether the president of the college was ever absent-minded, came the startling answer, "Absent-minded? I wonder if a day ever passed when he wasn't."

Then followed many interesting stories, told as only Mrs. Monroe can tell them. Here is just one example: "We were invited out to dinner one night. Mr. Monroe was late getting home from the college. When he came I told him he must hurry, so he went at once to his room to dress for dinner. After waiting for some time, I put on my wraps. Finally I called up to him, but receiving no response, I went up to investigate. And what do you think I found? You may not believe it, but the man had undressed and gone to bed and there he was sound asleep. So absent-minded that he forgot what he went upstairs for."

From the president's house, the committee went to that of Doctor Finch, next door. Not finding Mrs. Finch at home, we went to the residence of the Moshers. Here we stated our errand and asked if Professor Mosher was ever absent-minded. "I should say so," said Mrs. Mosher, after which she related the following:

"One day our door-bell rang about fifteen minutes past noon. I answered the bell and to my utter amazement, there stood Mr. Mosher on the porch. For once I couldn't think of anything to say. And what do you think? That man lifted his hat and said, 'This is where Prof. Mosher lives, I believe?" To my affirmative response, he added, 'Is the Professor at home?' By this time I had pulled myself together enough to reply, 'No,' whereupon he turned and went away. Half an hour later he came home to a cold luncheon, but I never had the heart to ask what detained him."

Two blocks down Washington street brought us to the home of Mrs. Garver, the wife of the history professor. In response to our question as to whether or not Doctor Garver was absent-minded, his wife said:

"Really, I hardly know where to begin. Between going to school without a necktie, or without combing his hair, and other things too numerous to mention, I scarcely know what to single out as the best example of his forgetfulness. Perhaps this will suit your purpose. On one of the coldest mornings last winter, Mr. Garver, just before going to class, said that he would go to the basement and replenish the fire. In a short time I began to smell a peculiar odor. After searching up-stairs, I went to the basement, and soon found that my husband had filled the furnace, not with coal, but with the winter's supply of potatoes."

Content with the labors of one afternoon, we went back to the dormitory. Next day found us again at the Finch home. This time the lady of the house was in. In answer to our query, Mrs. Finch had to admit that her husband was absent-minded, although she proved to be reticent and evinced a desire to shield her liege lord. However, she told us many good things, one of the best being the following:

Several years ago, when the children were younger, Mrs. Finch had gone out

for an afternoon and evening, leaving Mr. Finch at home with instructions to put the younger generation to bed at eight o'clock. When she reached home and asked how he had gotten along, Mr. Finch replied, "The children bothered me so much that I could not work so I put them to bed early. But I had an awful time of it. Two of them did not want to go to bed at all and really wouldn't until I had spanked them."

"How many children did you put to bed?" asked Mrs. Finch.

"Why, five, I believe," replied the future head of the Training School.

"That explains the commotion over at Smith's," said his wife. "As I came along they said that both of their children were lost. I suppose you have put them to bed with our children. Really, I thought you could remember your own children. No wonder some of them did not want to go to bed."

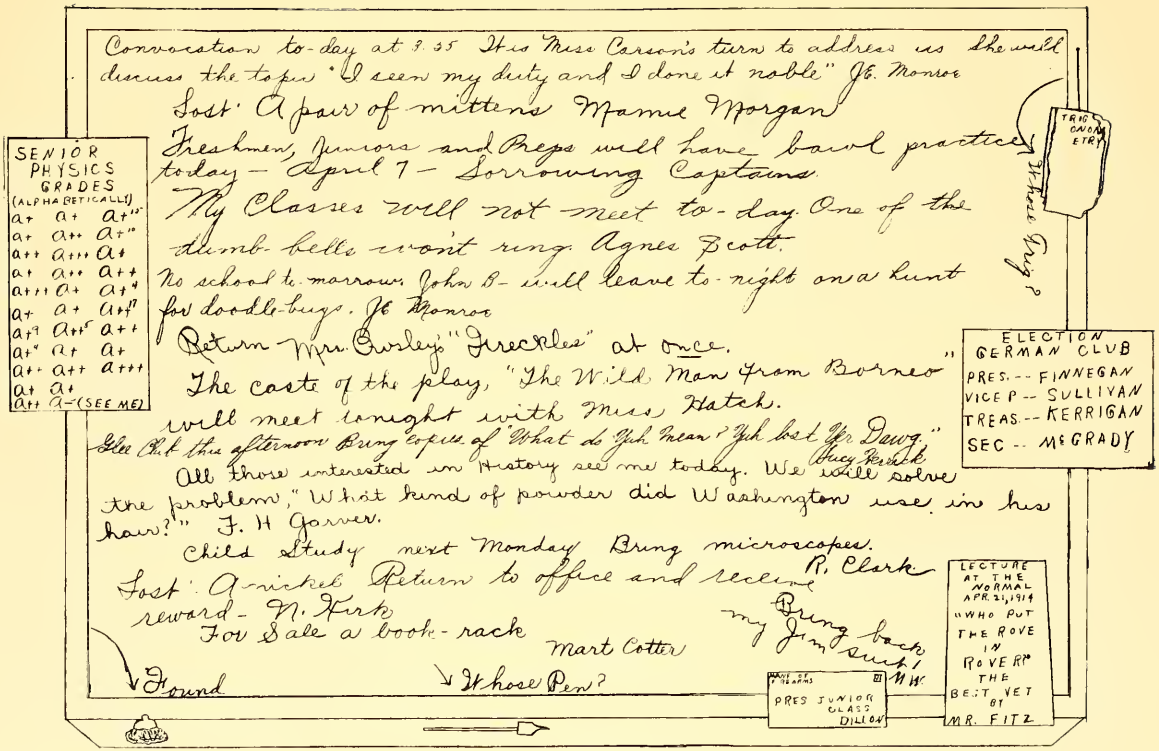
From Finch's the committee sought an interview with Mr. Job, relative to the delinquencies of his house-mate, Professor Clark. At first Mr. Job refused to tell us anything, but after repeated promises to protect him from any dire consequences, he finally told us this one:

Once upon a time Professor Clark took a biology class to the hills. Each member of the class took along his or her lunch. The students noticed that the Prof. had two small packages done up in a similar manner. About the middle of the afternoon, just before returning home the class was stopped at a convenient place and Professor Clark said, "We shall now review some of the facts learned today. I brought along with me a dissected frog in order to illustrate more vividly some statements which I have made during our walk." With these words, he untied the package and was surprised to see before him a sandwich and two hard-boiled eggs. "Well, this is strange," said he, "surely I have eaten my lunch."

Our next call took us to Clearview, where we tried to learn from Mrs. Tower some good story of the forgetfulness of Professor Cluley, but that lady insisted that her roomer was a model in his daily habits. And so we were about to leave, defeated for the first time, when she said, "Oh, yes; I do remember one morning when the phone rang. Upon taking down the receiver, I recognized Mr. Cluley's voice. 'Hello,' said he, 'Is this where Mr. Cluley rooms?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Well, please tell him to come over to the college at once. The president wants to see him,' and he rang off."

Repeated inquiries among the lady members of the faculty failed to reveal any cases of absent-mindedness. This mental trait, characteristic of so many teachers, seems at the Normal College to be limited to the male members of the teaching staff.

COMMITTEE.


Convocation to-day at 9.55 It is Miss Carson's turn to address us She will discuss the topic "I seen my duty and I done it noble" JC. Monroe
Lost: A pair of mittens Mamie Morgan
Freshmen, Juniors and Preps will have baseball practice today — April 7 — Sorrowing Captains
My Classes will not meet to-day. One of the dumb-bells won't ring. Agnes Scott
No school to-morrow. John B- will leave to-night on a hunt for doodle-bugs. JC Monroe
Return Mrs. Cowley "Freckles" at once.
The caste of the play, "The Wild Man from Borneo" will meet tonight with Miss Hatch.
Glee Cl. this afternoon Bring copies of "What do Yuh Mean? Yuh bet Yr. Dawg."
All those interested in History see me today. We will solve the problem," What kind of powder did Washington use in his hair?" F. H Garver.
Child Study next Monday Bring microscopes.
Lost: A nickel. Return to office and receive reward - N. Kirk
For Sale a book-rack Mart Cotter
Found
Whose Pen?
SENIOR PHYSICS GRADES (ALPHABETICALLY)
a+ a+ a+15
a+ a++ a+11
a++ a+++ a+
a+ a++ a++
a+++ a+ a+9
a+ a+ a++7
a+9 a++5 a++
a+4 a+ a+
a++ a++ a+++
a+ a+
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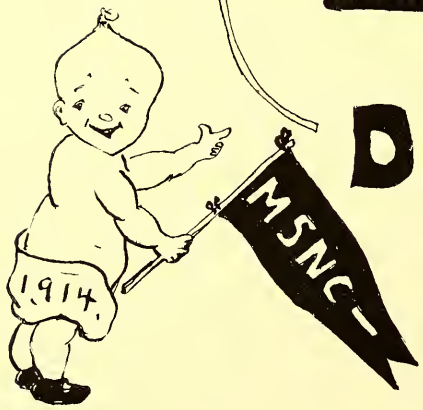
TRIG CNOMETRY
ELECTION
GERMAN CLUB
PRES. -- FINNEGAN
VICE P -- SULLIVAN
TREAS. -- KERRIGAN
SEC -- McGRADY
Bring my Fish back
LECTURE AT THE NORMAL APR 21, 1914
"WHO PUT THE ROVE IN ROVER" THE BEST VET BY MR. FITZ
PRES JUNIOR CLASS DILLON

OUR BULLETIN BOARD

CALENDAR



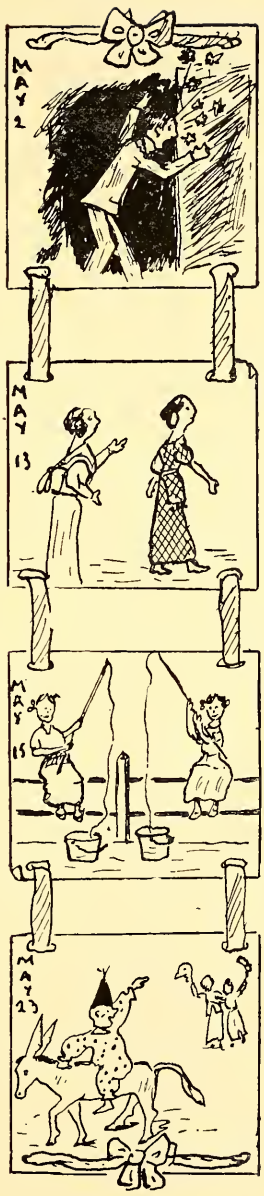
Calendar

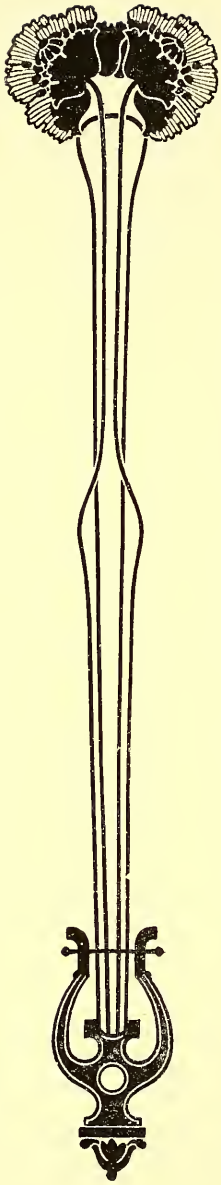
APRIL

April 20.—Chinook staff of '14 begins work.
April 21.—Zita McGovern called to Butte.
April 22.—Professor Garver resumed work after a few days' illness.
April 24.—Mrs. Owsley returned from a short trip.
April 25.—Eggs for breakfast. Preliminary Oratorical contest. Maurice Mosher wins first place, Will Kramer, class of '14, second, and Irma Stone, third. Extemporanious contest, Mary Burke and Maurice Mosher tie.
April 30.—Snow.

MAY

May 2.—May day, but no May baskets visible at the dormitory.
May 2.—State Oratorical contest. Our speaker, Maurice Mosher, wins first place. Subject, "Night Brings Out the Stars." Mary Burke, third in extemporaneous contest.
May 3.—Ralph Bingham speaks "Beautiful Thought."
May 5.—Juniors get too hilarious while waiting for Miss Scott to open the "gym" door. Mr. Monroe appears on the scene. "Nuf sed."
May 7.—Mr. Garver spoke in convocation.
May 9.—Junior vaudeville.
May 12.—Pledge day.
May 13.—Are the juniors coming or going? Much dodging of seniors. Juniors like their pillows.
May 14.—Ode (owed) to the faculty. Mysterious disappearance of our poster. (Miss Herrick???)
May 15.—Juniors scrub dining-room floor. Ella Kerrigan breaks pledge, consequence, double rations at Mrs. Owsley's table. Fishing along front fence. Fish scared away by on-lookers.
May 16.—Rooms cleaned before 6 a. m. Juniors wake seniors up. Initiated into K. Z. N.
May 17.—German club and Monmal staff have a picnic.
May 21.—Dr. Finch speaks at convocation.
May 23.—Chinook play. Circus in town. Normal girls follow the parade.
May 24.—Junior banquet.
May 25.—Junior Sunday. Fatherly talk from Professor Garver.
May 26.—Field day. Rain. Will Kramer gets captain's medal.
May 28.—Senior convocation.
May 29.—Professor Clark plays his auto-harp for the juniors.
May 30.—Juniors entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Garver.
May 31.—Preps entertained the juniors at a "free for all." Plenty of "eats" and a good time.





CALENDAR—Continued

JUNE

June 1.—Senior Sunday. Juniors crowned the seniors. Vesper service on the campus.

June 2.—Senior class day. Seniors will juniors a bandage. Bighead?? Sorehead???

June 3.—Exams!!! Sorority election. Pat Mayer elected president.

June 4.—Alumni banquet.

June 5.—Seniors get their sheep-skins.

June 6.—Only summer girls left.

June 8.—Kind of lonesome around the dorm.

JULY

July 4.—Some day for Dillon. Butte down for baseball game. Catherine White anxious to enter pie-eating contest. Dick Price takes about twenty-five dormitory girls to the dance.

July 23.—Dr. Commargo gives an interesting talk at convocation.

July 26.—Part of Butte comes to Dillon for a picnic.

July 30.—President Monroe gives a talk on the N. E. A. meeting in Salt Lake City.

AUGUST

Aug. 6.—Professor Clark gives a talk on "Troubles of a Psychologist." What does he know about trouble—he isn't married.

Aug. 8.—Josie McFadden's recital.

Aug. 9.—Summer boys give a picnic for a few favorite co-eds. Hail storm. "Small Ford?"

Aug. 13.—Rev. Lacklen speaks at convocation.

Aug. 15.—Holly treats five girls on 30c. Big night for the candy kitchen.

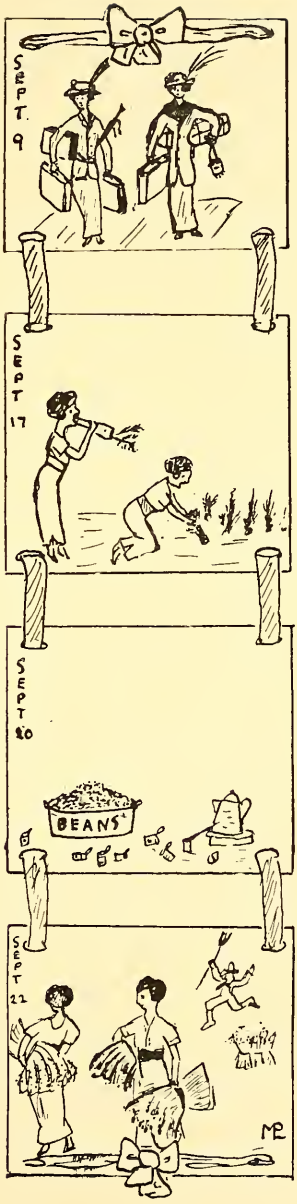
Aug. 16.—Leslie Abbott, Louise Hollister, Ruth Selvage and Edith Maddrell have a mid-day picnic up the river. Sharpshooters.

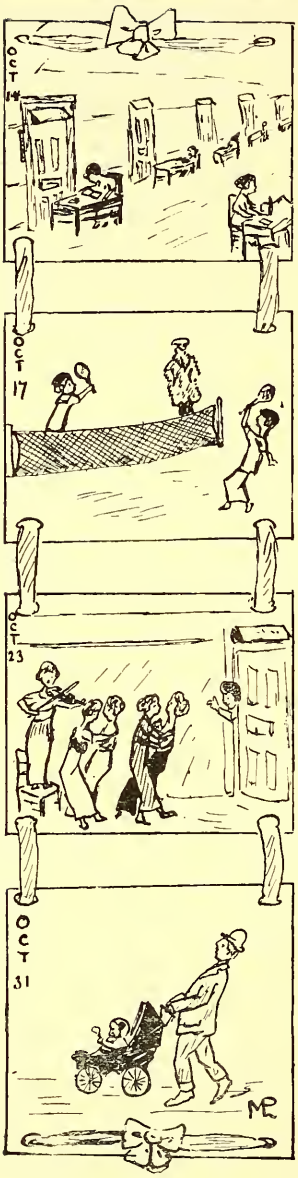
Aug. 28.—Lydia Roberts leaves school life for married life.

CALENDAR—Continued

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 9.—The old girls are coming back, also many new ones.
Sept. 10.—Enrollment.
Sept. 12.—Reception for the new girls in dormitory parlors.
Sept. 14.—Orchestra gives an open-air concert.
Sept. 15.—Nature study class explores the campus.
Sept. 17.—Seniors digging in the garden for roots, carrots, etc.
Sept. 19.—Seniors entertained at a "Child's Party."
Sept. 20.—Annual "Go." Everybody out for a good time.
Sept. 22.—Bobby's room decorated with bunches of oats. There's nothing like helping one's self.
Sept. 24.—Rev. Harrington speaks at convocation.
Sept. 26.—Miss Herrick entertains the members of the Glee club.
Sept. 27.—Issy Ryan comes back. No more peace on second floor.





CALENDAR—Continued

OCTOBER

Oct. 3.—Juniors give a "Hit and Miss" party. Mostly Miss.

Oct. 5.—Snow. A lonesome Sunday.

Oct. 8.—Professor Garver speaks at convocation about The Monmal. Louise Hollister also speaks.

Oct. 9.—Exams!

Oct. 14.—First floor juniors move their tables and chairs out in the hall to study because their lights are turned off.

Oct. 15.—Tennis tournament starts. Flo Lepper wins from Ella Kerrigan. Alice Wall wins from Louise Hollister.

Oct. 16.—Bea Collins wins from Esther Thomas.

Oct. 17.—Flo Lepper wins from Alice Wall.

Oct. 18.—Alva Green, humorist, at the auditorium.

Oct. 20.—Last game of Tennis tournament. Bea Collins and Flo Lepper play. Bea Collins wins. Presented with silver loving cup by Professor Mosher.

Oct. 23.—Bea plays her violin. A bunch of seniors have a square dance. Mrs. Clements calls. Strange scattering of seniors.

Oct. 24.—Junior class meeting. Seniors suspect it is about the stunt and endeavor to find out (???)

Oct. 25.—Butte boys here for football.

Oct. 27.—Teachers' institute.

Oct. 29.—Mrs. Mosher entertains the visiting alumni at dinner.

Oct. 30.—Seniors made pop-corn balls.

Oct. 31.—Hallowe'en party. "Far be it from us" to say that Helen Greenough isn't a typical "Kiddo Bumps."

CALENDAR.—Continued

NOVEMBER

Nov. 6.—"Commonwealth Quartet."

Nov. 8.—Sorority meeting. Juniors also meet and debate on the subject: "Which are the more cheerful, fat people or thin people?" Decided that the fat people are.

Nov. 9.—We like music with our meals. Victrola is played during tea.

Nov. 10.—Mrs. Owsley gives us a motherly talk in the parlor.

Nov. 12.—Mrs. Clements' birthday. She had (?) candles on her cake.

Nov. 14.—Freshmen party.

Nov. 15.—Mr. and Mrs. Garver entertain the seniors. Auction sale! Catherine White initiated into the class. Mean trick, made to show her ears.

Nov. 17.—Mr. Clark wears his red neck-tie. We know what to expect when he wears that.

Nov. 21.—Frances Myers and Helen Greenough evidently think this is April first. Seniors anxiously await the class stunt.

Nov. 22.—Mrs. Monroe entertains the Normal girls at a "Novelty Idea" party. Girls go home with many suggestions for Christmas gifts.

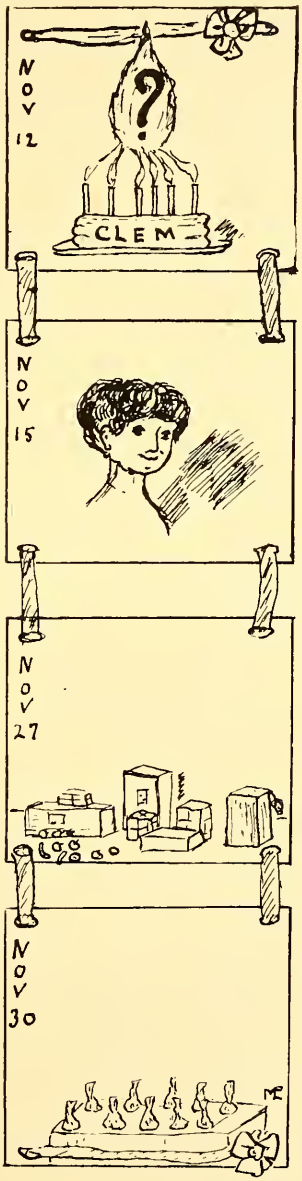
Nov. 26.—Many of the girls go home for Thanksgiving vacation. Seniors have a family table at meals.

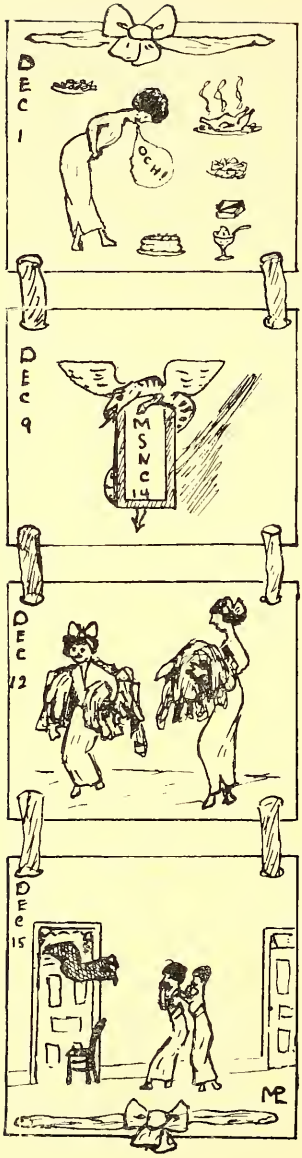
Nov. 27.—Turkey and yet some more turkey. Preps present the senior president with a turkey leg, tied in their class colors. She (in time) eats it.

Nov. 28.—Spreads.

Nov. 29.—More spreads.

Nov. 30.—Bag lunches. But for some reason or other, they do not appeal to the senior girls. Vacation over.





CALENDAR—Continued

DECEMBER

Dec. 1.—Too much vacation?
Dec. 3.—Mr. Finch ill.
Dec. 5.—Miss Hatch's pupils give a "Cantata."
Dec. 6.—No more late sleeping on Saturday morning. School law class begins.
Dec. 12.—Junior class stunt. Rather tame.
Dec. 13.—Sorority meeting. Cider and apples served. Grab bag. Senior class-pins and rings arrive.
Dec. 14.—Senior Sunday for Helen Clark.
Dec. 15.—Senior stunt. "O where, O where are the juniors' books?"
Dec. 17.—Miss Betts tells an interesting Christmas story in convocation.
Dec. 19.—Christmas vacation begins.

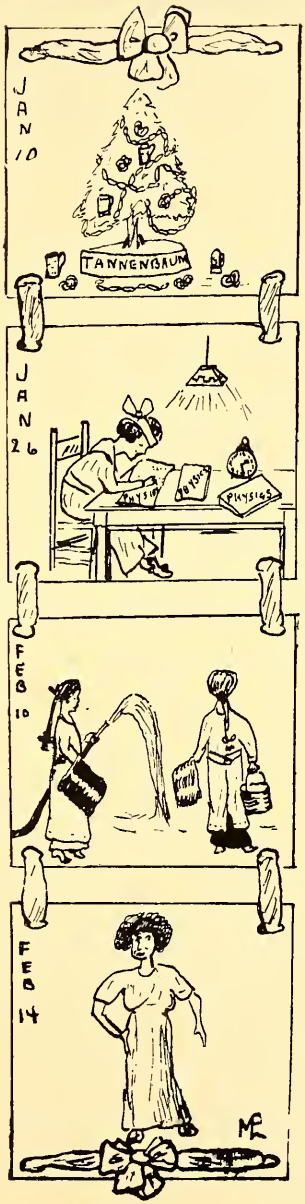
CALENDAR—Continued

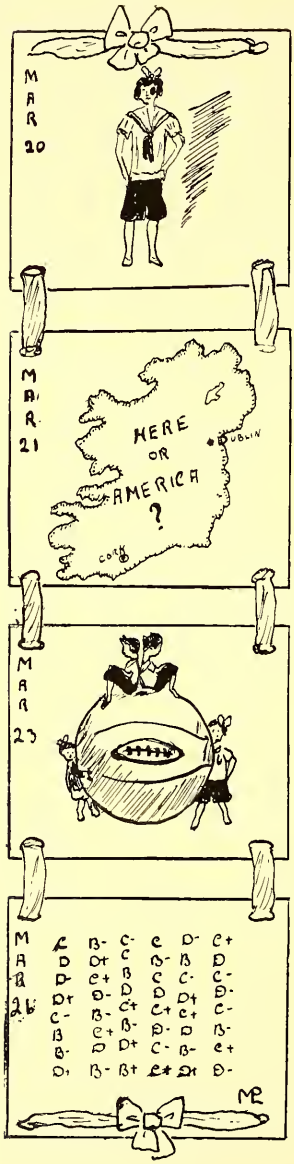
JANUARY

Jan. 6.—Back again.
Jan. 10.—German club party.
Jan. 14.—Mr. Cluley speaks in convocation. Edmund Vance Cooke entertains us.
Jan. 18.—Mrs. Owsley's birthday. Students surprise her with a musicale.
Jan. 21.—Mr. Finch speaks in convocation.
Jan. 26.—Physics begins. To flunk or not to flunk!
Jan. 28.—Mr. Monroe speaks on Robert Burns.
Jan. 30.—Home party.

FEBRUARY

Feb. 1.—Musicale in parlor.
Feb. 2.—Ground-hog day. He didn't see his shadow.
Feb. 4.—Mr. Clark speaks in convocation on the subject, "Do not let your studies interfere with your education."
Feb. 6.—A few of the seniors have a "chalking" good time in school enonomy class.
Feb. 9.—Pledge night.
Feb. 10.—Mr. Cluley and the pledge girls make a "pale" attempt to flood the rink.
Feb. 11.—Mr. Clark presides at convocation. Mrs. Willis and Miss Bishop entertain us with some Scotch songs.
Feb. 12.—Holiday.
Feb. 13.—Prep party.
Feb. 14.—St. Valentine's day. Initiation night. Mr. Cluley is a "Lulu."
Feb. 16.—Work begins in the new training school.
Feb. 18.—Mr. Garver shatters our belief in American myths. Who said "Bobby Burns"?
Feb. 22.—Washington's birthday.
Feb. 23.—Miss Dorchester meets with an accident. Miss Russell ill. Mr. Finch called east. Practice girls come in handy.
Feb. 25.—Miss Hatch gives a sketch of "Madame Butterfly," at convocation. Louise Hollister gives a birthday dinner for twelve of her friends.
Feb. 28.—Memorable trip to Twin Bridges.





CALENDAR—Continued

MARCH

March 1.—Senior Sunday for Miss White.

March 4.—At convocation, Miss Ketchum solves some unsolvable problems.

March 6.—The grim but sure inevitable visits the Normal college and takes away one of our brightest and dearest.

March 9.—Last quarter starts.

March 11.—Mrs. Kress entertains at convocation with an interesting talk, with slides, on Ancient Ruins.

March 16.—Seniors begin "History of Ed." Mr. Clark's house-mate is interested in "Ed" also.

March 17.—St. Patrick's day.

March 18.—Dr. Commargo speaks in convocation.

March 20.—While practising, B. B. floor flies up and hits Steve in the eye? (as related by a junior.)

March 21.—School law exam. Members of the Oratorical association entertain.

March 23.—First game of basketball tournament. Seniors beat Preps, 25 to 6. Freshmen beat juniors, 7 to 4.

March 25.—Mr. Mosher speaks in convocation. Seniors beat freshmen, 16 to 6. Juniors beat Preps, 30 to 2.

March 26.—Dr. Thos. E. Green lectures at the auditorium. Mr. Clark reads our "History of Ed" grades to juniors.

March 27.—Seniors beat juniors, 26 to 6. Freshmen beat Preps, 16 to 14.

March 28.—Sorority meeting. Mona Sutherland stars in "How Is Your Elbow?"

March 30.—Seniors beat Preps, 18 to 2. Freshmen beat juniors, 12 to 7. Child Study club meets.

March 31.—Juniors all laid up.

CALENDAR—Continued

APRIL

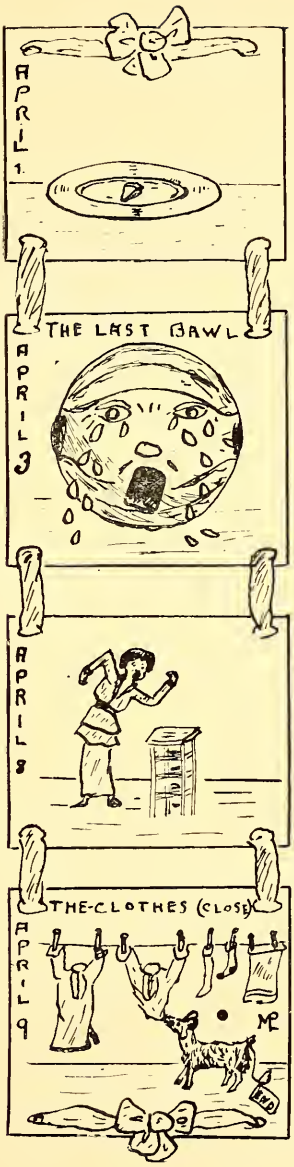
April 1.—"I like the sample, now give me a real piece."—I. Ryan. Juniors forfeit game to the seniors, 2 to 0. Freshmen beat Preps, 21 to 4.

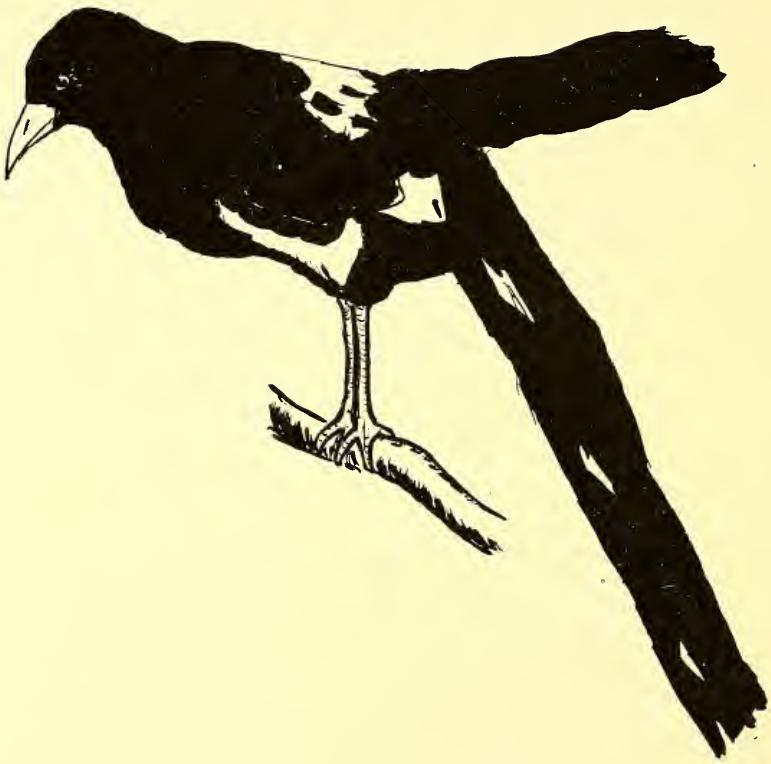
April 3.—Basketball tournament ended. Seniors champions.

April 4.—Helen Greenough shows a likeness for pickle tubs. We wonder why?

April 8.—Preliminary oratorical contest. Esther Thomas wins first place and will be our delegate to the state contest.

April 9.—Easter vacation begins.





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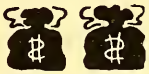

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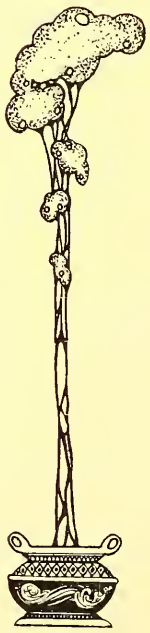

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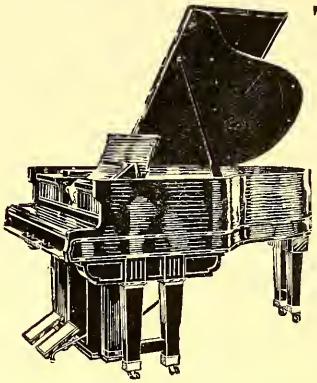

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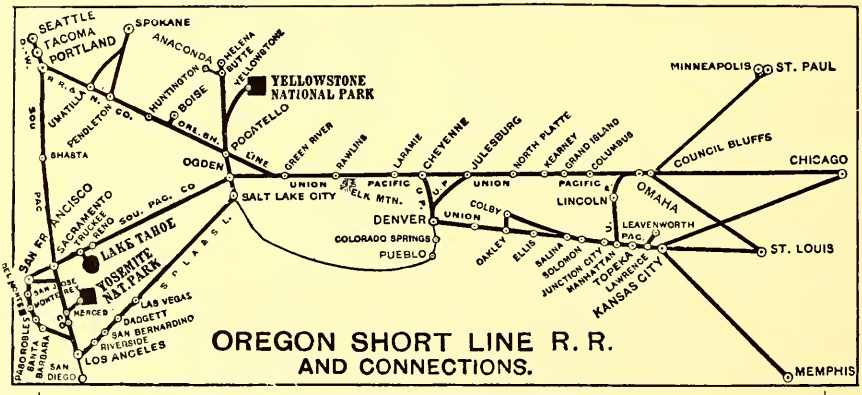

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